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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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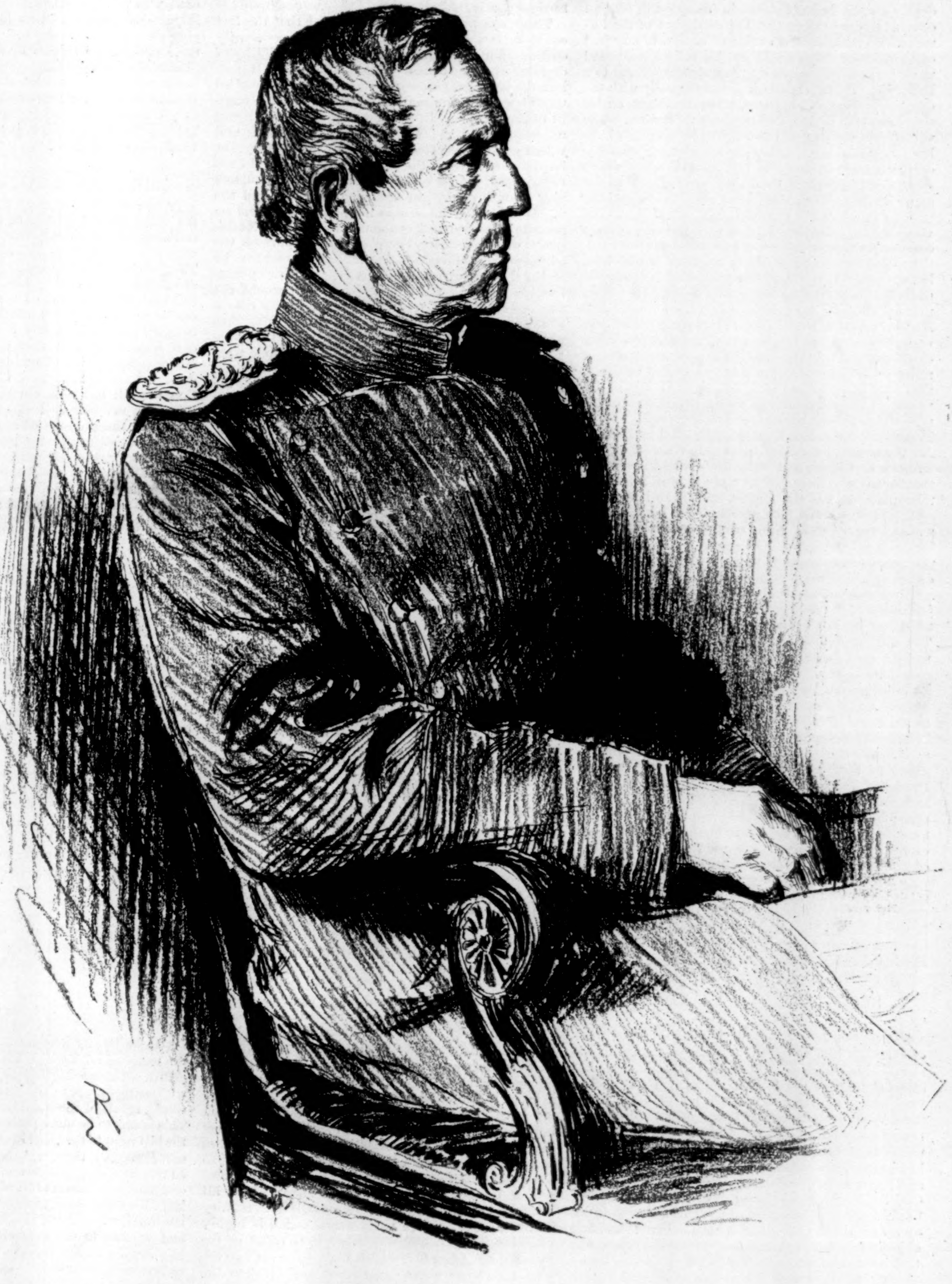

FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.—Drawn from Life by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 326.]

No. 1793.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING THE THIRD ILLUSTRATED PAPER ON GLIMPSES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

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THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

THE President's tour is interesting for many reasons, and among them is the cordial respect with which he has been received by those who have no sympathy with the party tone and local policy which he represents. This is, indeed, the respect shown by American citizens to their Chief Magistrate, but it has not been merely formal. There has been evidently a great deal of interest in his speeches, and an obvious desire to show that the patriotism of the former disaffected States is as sincere as that of any part of the Union. This could not have been expressed more emphatically than by the welcome offered to a President who, as a partisan, is in sympathy with the extreme section of his party. The President, on his side, has made no less excellent an impression. The variety, the aptness, and the skill of his speeches have been very striking. It is easy for a public man under such circumstances to fall into blunders which seem more important than they are. But thus far as we write no such slips have been made, and the manner in which the President has indicated his own views without needless jarring with the views of the committees that he addresses is admirable.

But the best thing of all is the tone in which he has spoken. It is a tone of respect and courtesy for the opinions of fellow-citizens who differ. He knows that his auditors, for evident reasons, are traditionally deeply hostile to the Republican party; that they regard the elections bill as a party scheme to control elections; and that they are the supporters of a tariff for revenue rather than for protection; and he knows that they know him to be a high protectionist, an advocate of the elections bill, and a Republican of the type which is least agreeable to their views. Yet the President's tone has been friendly and respectful. At Galveston he advocated marine subsidies, but without acrimony, and with the distinct statement that for all who dissented he had the most respectful tolerance. It was the longest speech he had delivered, and it was the most applauded. Its influence without regard to its views cannot fail to be happy, for, with all the other addresses, it will have shown the people who heard it that there may be radical differences of opinion without personal animosity.

The President has certainly shown in this tour a just sense of the conduct that becomes his office. In so doing he has unquestionably helped his party. The dull prejudice which party opponents always feel for each other is softened and removed by personal intercourse. The great political mistake of the Republicans has been that they have suffered carpet-baggers and the mere camp-followers of party to represent Republicanism to the citizens of the Southern States. Such representation following the results of a civil war was certain to array the general intelligence of those States against the party. But the President, following the line of the new Southern manufactures and industries which dispose the Southern mind toward protection, and speaking in the most friendly and considerate manner of differences of opinion, assuming at the same time the cordiality of Southern feeling for the Union, pursues a skilful plan both for the country and for his party. The spirit which he displays on his own part, and discloses upon that of the community through which he passes, is that of patriotism and good-will, and apparently the country will have good reason to congratulate the President and itself upon his tour.

SECRETARY TRACY AND THE NAVY-YARDS.

SECRETARY TRACY has not delayed the good work of carrying into effect the scheme of reform in the navy-yards which he announced in Boston. He has directed that all the foremanships in the Brooklyn yard shall be vacated on the 1st of May, to be filled by an examination of fitness open to all properly authenticated applicants. The Secretary holds that the present incumbents who are qualified and who have experience will easily take precedence of other applicants in an examination, while those who are not qualified ought, in the interests of the public service, to give way for those who are. This question is not a new one in the annals of reform. One of the first objections raised against the reformed system was that it would derange the entire public service by replacing all incumbents with inexperienced substitutes, who might be able to pass an examination, but who knew nothing of the duties of the place.

This general change, however, was neither contemplated nor attempted. There were several reasons for this course. It was impossible to introduce such a reform simultaneously in every branch of the service to which it might be applicable. No machinery for a universal examination could be improvised, and as a matter of expediency it was better that the beginning of a system entirely new and with which the public mind was wholly unfamiliar should be tentative and limited. The law therefore wisely limited the application of the reformed system to a few custom-houses and post-offices. The experiment could be readily tried under such conditions. There would be no panic in the service, and no ground of distrust of too sweeping a change in the public mind, and a certain imperfection of details of method which was justly to be expected would not condemn the whole system as impracticable. There was another important consideration. The object of the reform was to secure fitness in a manner which excluded personal and political favoritism. If, therefore, there were fit officers who had been appointed by favoritism, but who were diligent, honest, and efficient, and not "obnoxious partisans," why should they be dismissed?

There was no good reason, provided that the fact could be established. But such a plan necessarily committed to the superior officer the responsibility of deciding upon the fitness of his subordinates. It gave him the practical power of dismissal. But it implied that he would exercise the power solely for the benefit of the service. In a system, however, which was universally one of favoritism and not of merit, and which was the accepted tradition of the country, the impartial exercise of the power of removal could not be expected. As a rule it was not so exercised, and now that this fact has been demonstrated, and the whole subject is familiar to the public mind, and reform is approved and demanded by the best intelligence of the country, Secretary TRACY pursues the course which is certain to accomplish the end that he seeks. His order vacates places some of which doubtless are filled by unfit incumbents who would not vacate except for his order. It is the proper course to take, but it would be taken only by a courageous public man. The feeling of those who hold the public service to be party plunder and not a public trust is shown by the refusal of the Republican Committee in Brooklyn to adopt a resolution of approval of the Secretary's action. The chairman of the committee and many members undoubtedly approve it. But the "boys," of whom all party committees stand in awe, are hostile. It is refreshing to see the Secretary's unshrinking hand of reform laid upon the navy-yards.

OBSTRUCTION IN THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

THE action of the Legislature of New York is arrested, as it approaches the close of the session, by a dead-lock in the Senate produced by a bill proposing to investigate the expenditures of the Canal Department. This seems, upon the mere statement, to be a very proper bill, whether the inquiry be proposed because of suspected or alleged fraud or extravagance, or from the desire to know whether the public money is wisely spent, and if the methods pursued in the Canal Department are economical and effective. But these are public reasons, and it is now the general understanding that such inquiries are instituted mainly for party advantage, and that the plausible public plea is a mere subterfuge. Thus the present inquiry is not supposed to be proposed because of charges of fraud or extravagance, but for the purpose, as the resolutions say, "of ascertaining if the canals can be more economically maintained and improved, and if more revenues can be obtained by the State from the said occupancy and use of said lands and property." Every branch of the State business might be investigated for the same purpose, and very wisely, if the investigation were made with the single purpose of ascertaining the facts, and in a manner which showed that purpose and the probability of its accomplishment.

But in the present instance the investigation is proposed to be conducted by a party legislative committee for the highly probable purpose of discovering something that may serve as "party capital" in the State election of next autumn and the national election of next year. The opposition party, therefore, which in this case is the Democratic, is, as we write, refusing to allow legislation to proceed, by preventing the passage of the resolution ordering the inquiry. But such a course may be pursued much too far. The party that insists upon investigation imposes a serious expense upon the State, and unless it discovers something which justifies such expense to the common-sense of the State, it will be held to the responsibility and the penalty by the shrewd orators at the cross-roads and in the shops, where all elections are really decided. Besides, if such inquiry be regarded as a mere party game, which is highly probable, the Republican Senate can be offset by the Democratic Assembly, which may order an investigation in some other department, and between the two the people of the State may be able to strike a balance of the comparative trustworthiness and efficiency of the public management of the two parties. Moreover, the party in power which obstructs and opposes investigation arouses suspicion just in the degree of the vigor of its resistance. "If you are honest," is the natural feeling, "show your hand." The object may be partisan, but if you are all right the inquiry will recoil upon those who make it.

The real duties of the State Legislatures could be performed in a reasonably short time. But the sessions are devoted largely to games for party advantage. The aim is to put the other party "in a hole"; to show that all the extravagance and obstruction and bad legislation are due to the other side; "to make a record" on which an appeal may be taken to the people at the polls. The apothegm of President HAYES, that he serves his party best who serves his country most, is equally true in the State. The party that should secure the best legislation in a session would have the best record on which to appeal to the people. This year in New York, for instance, the Republicans could have pointed to the course of the Democratic Assembly on the liquor question as a good reason for refusing to the Democratic party next year the control of State legislation. But the Republicans, by permitting in the Senate the damaging amendments to the ballot law, have imperilled their position as friends of the Australian system. Should the amended bill be approved, it is the Republicans who must bear the responsibility, and no diversion to discover Democratic extravagance in the Canal Department will prevent the people from holding the party to its responsibility for the serious weakening of the law.

THE BALLOT-LAW AMENDMENTS.

IT was very unfortunate that Senator SAXTON, in the New York Legislature, did not apprehend the full scope of the amendments to the ballot bill which were accepted by him and adopted by both Houses. They embarrass so seriously all independent efforts at elections that if they had been designed to paralyze such efforts, and to compel every voter to support one or another party machine, they would not have been different. This fact has produced a very general impression that this was the purpose of the amendments, and that under pretence of correcting certain defects which were disclosed at the last election the bill has been changed so as to strengthen the party machines. Independent nominations are made for the purpose of regulating mere machine politics by defeating improper candidates. To do this the law permitted such nominations to be printed upon the official party ballots, so that a party man could vote either for his complete regular ticket, or for such a ticket with another individual name or names substituted. The amendments, however, require independent names to be printed on one ballot only. They authorize other candidates to refuse to allow their names to be printed with the independent names, and require so large a number of signatures for independent nominations as to make the nomination of an independent ticket impracticable.

The only recourse of the independent voters, therefore, would be the nomination of a complete ticket or the paster, at a large cost for printing and distribution. This would be the practical failure of independent movements. It is very remarkable that the sincere friends of the ballot bill did not perceive this necessary result of the amendments, or the inadequacy of the only plea made for the change. This plea was simply that such tickets delayed the count. Such delay would be a good argument for the blanket ballot, in which all names are printed together on one paper, with the party character of candidates properly indicated, but it is not a reason for preventing independent voting. Moreover, the plea exposes the insincerity of offering the paster as a security of independent voting, for if it were believed that the paster would facilitate casting the same number of independent votes as the present provision, the delay in counting would be as great as it is now. As Mr. ORLANDO B. POTTER well said in an interview, the independence of the voter should be secured in every reasonable way. The ballot itself is intended to secure that independence, and whoever restricts it is justly regarded with suspicion.

Senator SAXTON has shown himself to be so earnest and faithful a friend of this reform that he is not to be lightly accused of destroying the value of the measure with which his name is honorably associated. The probability is that he did not consider with sufficient care the necessary, if not the intentional, result of the modifications which he accepted. This seems to be more probable because he states that the bill went to the Governor in a very loose and incorrect form, as if there was nobody sufficiently interested to make sure that it was correct. It is now very doubtful whether the bill will be withdrawn from the Executive Chamber, and the probability is that it will become law. Should this be the result, it should not be forgotten at the next election of members of the Legislature that a further adjustment of the law is imperatively necessary. It is of comparatively small importance what the Legislature of New York thinks of the tariff, but its probable view of ballot reform and of liquor license is of the highest interest to the State.

MR. BLAINE AND HIS PARTY.

THE Republican friends of Mr. **BLAINE**, despite the apparently authorized assurance that he will not be a candidate for the Presidential nomination next year, evidently assume that he may reconsider. At the very moment when the President's candidature is conceded, and when he is making the best impression that he has yet made upon the public mind, the orators of the congress of Republican clubs at Cincinnati, the extraordinary Mr. **FORAKER** at the head, evidently mean Mr. **BLAINE**, and conjure party enthusiasm with his name.

There is the same uncertainty, the same assertion and counter-assertion, in regard to Mr. **BLAINE**'s position that there were in 1888. Up to the moment of the nomination of Mr. **HARRISON** it was believed that Mr. **BLAINE** would be the candidate, and in 1892 nothing less than an express refusal from him to take the nomination will prevent the presentation of his name. The feeling for him is the more remarkable because, while it is warmly insisted that the contest will be made not only upon protection, but upon the **McKINLEY** bill, yet Mr. **BLAINE**, who alone among the eminent Republican leaders plainly condemned that bill, and unfurled the banner of reciprocity, arouses the party enthusiasm. Had he been present, as was anticipated, at the recent *Tribune* commemoration, it is so evident that his reception would have been a significant political event that his absence may be fairly attributable to his wish to avoid such a demonstration on the eve of the President's tour.

As Mr. **McKINLEY** is still in the prime of his powers, and is doubtless willing to go up higher, why, if the **McKINLEY** bill is to be the Republican issue, should not Mr. **McKINLEY** represent it? Why should a candidate be selected who did not stand upon that bill as a platform in 1888, and will not have changed his position in 1892? In other words, is the Republican fight really to be made upon **McKINLEY** protection or upon reciprocity? Or is it the man and not the platform on which the party is bent? In 1884 there was a great deal said about measures, not men—principles, not persons. That is always sound doctrine in a republic, and it will be interesting to see how it is applied to the situation in '92.

PRIMROSE POLITICS.

THE English are not what is called a sentimental people, but no nation has more signally illustrated the power of sentiment. The latest sign of something that at least resembles sentimentality is what may be called the primrose fad. Lord **BEACONSFIELD** was fond of the primrose, and of late years an immense Tory organization of men and women has been founded called the Primrose League, and on Lord **BEACONSFIELD**'s birthday Tory gentlemen wear primroses in their button-holes, and Tory ladies display them on their dresses. The Queen sends a primrose wreath to be laid on the grave of her favorite minister, and at large public meetings, yellow with the primrose, Tory statesmen and orators speak.

This year the Prime Minister, Lord **SALISBURY**, whom *Punch* ludicrously depicted as reluctantly dancing a *pas de deux* of triumph with Lord **BEACONSFIELD** after his return from Berlin, addressed an immense assembly of the league at Covent Garden Theatre. He spoke of the Irish question, and very plainly of the activity of the Irish priests in politics. He disclaimed all intention of discourtesy or offence. But he touched the weak spot of the present Irish leadership, which is undoubtedly ecclesiastical. Lord **SALISBURY**'s purpose was plain. It was to arouse the religious prejudices or English Liberal dissenters, who would not willingly perceive themselves to be politically the cats'-paws of the Roman Church.

His lordship asked whether his audience could imagine the Archbishop of Canterbury summoning the Protestant clergy of England to resolve upon a change in the leadership of the Conservative party, or an English clergyman denouncing from the altar every Liberal in his parish, or the London clergy leading their submissive flocks to the polls under threats of spiritual consequences if they refused. Yet Englishmen were asked to place Ireland under this hybrid secular ecclesiastical power. Such an appeal is very skilful, and cannot fail of effect. It presents the Roman Church as availing itself of the breach in the Irish party to turn the situation to its own advantage, and suggests that its opposition to **PARNELL** is not Irish, but Romish. Lord **SALISBURY** is a very clever politician.

THE LEAGUE OF REPUBLICAN CLUBS.

THE late convention of the League of Republican Clubs at Cincinnati seems to have been a kind of supplementary National Convention. It is stated, however, that its purpose is not to dictate nominations, but to aid the election of candidates regularly nominated. Its manifest disposition, however, may be fairly interpreted as representative of the party feeling, but not necessarily of the party action. The late convention was plainly a **BLAINE** convention. As we say elsewhere, the enthusiasm was for him, and not for the President. But there could be no enthusiasm for the President, and its absence does not show that he may not be the Presidential candidate. The platform adopted by the convention was the usual platform, and on difficult points was amusingly vague, as in this deliverance on the silver question: "We oppose any attempt to debase the currency and coin of the country, but insist upon such legitimate increase of our circulating medium and such maintenance of the double standard as will fairly satisfy the increasing necessities of trade and commerce."

The most significant act of the Convention was the election as President of Mr. **JAMES S. CLARKSON**, the late Assistant Postmaster-General. He is chiefly known as the officer who politically devasted the postal service in violation of the party pledge under which he came into office. If civil service reform be a principle or a policy of the Republican party, Mr. **CLARKSON** is its contemptuous opponent, and his election by acclamation as the President of the League is an interesting comment upon the frequent remark that the Republican party, as such, is the party of reform. Secretary **TRACY** and Mr. **THEODORE ROOSEVELT** are unquestionably active and aggressive reformers. But although Secretary **TRACY**'s action is by far the most important of recent political incidents, the league did not mention it, and if it be in accord with its new President would have denounced it.

Mr. **CLARKSON**'s letter states that there are questions lying "nearer the heart of the American people than the price of a tin cup, or whether the color of the money of the realm shall be yellow or white." He proceeded to say that the greater questions are those of the protection of the West in their rights and the security of a Republican form of government to the several States. He remarked also that "on these loftier lines of action" questions of labor, of monopoly, of the power of corporations, of trusts, etc., are to be settled and will be settled by some party. His hope is that the Republican party will undertake to settle them. Mr. **CLARKSON** seems, naturally, to regard a party as a machine which, having accomplished one result, may be set to accomplish another. That, however, is not the historic view of parties. They grow, and are not made. The effort to treat them as armies to be marched hither and thither has always failed. "New occasions make new duties." The Whig party went to pieces in the attempt to adjust itself to the real questions of the time. Practical issues are not made by a convention, but by popular feeling. If, as Mr. **CLARKSON** says, there are questions nearer the popular heart than the tariff and the currency, they will make their own parties, like the question of slavery; and if such parties exist, their members will not necessarily agree upon the tariff and the currency.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SIXTH IN BALTIMORE.

WHILE the President was loudly cheered in Texas as he spoke of the happy reunion of the American people, the reception of the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment in Baltimore was one of the most touching and striking of recent incidents. Among the first famous words of the civil war the telegraphic request of Governor **ANDREW** to Mayor **BROWN** that the bodies of Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore should be tenderly sent forward to him are most memorable. It was just thirty years ago, and now the Massachusetts Sixth marches into friendly and cheering Baltimore, its band playing "Maryland, my Maryland."

The scene is one that only those who recall vividly the earlier day can fully comprehend. It is remarkable that feelings so hostile, so deadly, and so long gathering, breaking into prolonged and bloody and devastating war, should have changed so wholly. Only those who remember the thrill of wrath and fierce defiance that swept over the country as the story of the Sixth Massachusetts was told can feel the whole significance of the words of Mayor **BROWN**'s successor:

> "We welcome you to our Southern land, whose people have forgotten, save as a matter of history, the conflict which brought out so much of bravery, of fortitude, and so many of the other virtues which spring up in a cause prosecuted in honest conviction, but whose people do not forget while keeping green the graves of the soldiers of the Lost Cause to spread the fragrant blossoms also upon the mounds which cover the sleeping dust of the Federal soldier. From the day that **GRANT** and **SHERMAN** took off the mailed glove of military power and laid the soft hand of soldierly forgiveness upon the head of their prostrate foe to the present hour the true soldiers of the North, and the South as well, have been willing to consider unworthy of discussion the causes or the merits of that unhappy era in the history of our country when the debate was adjourned from the halls of legislation to the tented field, and the Blue and the Gray, equally valiant, stood over against each other; for, happily, these colors are blended now into soft ones, and the manly hand that bore the sword has painted out of the canvas brotherly hate forever. And in this kindly spirit we welcome you to our city, our hearts, and our homes, assuring you that we shall ever remember with profound pleasure the honor you have conferred upon us by your presence here to-day."

We do not agree with the Mayor that the causes of the war are unworthy of discussion, although the reception of the regiment was not the occasion for it; and the circumstances of the visit of the Massachusetts Sixth to Baltimore and of the President to Texas are incidents of which every American can be justly proud.

THE RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE SEAL QUESTION.

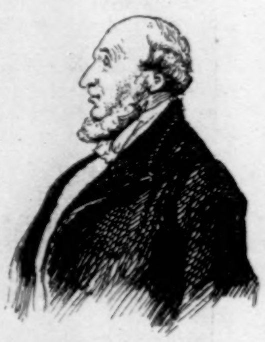
WE publish elsewhere a translation of an important article upon the Behring Sea controversy from the *St. Petersburg Journal*, which is the official organ of the Russian Foreign Office. This fact gives great weight to the article as an expression of Russian official opinion upon the subject, which is not in accord with that of our State Department. The article narrates the advance of the opinion of nations in regard to the *mare clausum*, or closed sea, and states that there is now a general consent of nations, including the United States, to the doctrine of **GROTIUS** of the *mare liberum*, or free sea. It holds, therefore, that the only question now remaining is the claim of Russia by the ukase of 1821 to exercise sovereignty upon a tract of open sea to the exclusion of all other nations.

Upon this point the *Journal* says that if Alaska had remained under Russian rule, the ukase of 1821 would have become long ago invalid and obsolete. In fact, the *Journal* says that the ukase did not long remain in force, for the Russian treaty of 1824 with the United States and that of the next year with Great Britain make no allusion to the rights claimed by the ukase, and the *Journal* says unreservedly that "at the time of the sale of Alaska to the United States the Russian privileges for exclusive fishing in the Behring Sea had long been abandoned." It concludes that the contention of the United States is in absolute contradiction to the most elementary principles of international law.

The discussion, however, is closed. The questions involved will now be submitted to arbitration, and in the present state of the world the decision would be extraordinary if it should not favor protection of the seals from wanton destruction.

PERSONAL.

MR. **WALTER BESANT** writes to say: "I am informed by an American correspondent that it has been stated in a leading New York paper that I am about to start a company or a business for the purpose of publishing English books in New York. I do not know if you have seen this announcement. If you have, permit me to inform you that there is not a word of truth in it. I am unconnected with any such scheme, and have no intention whatever of meddling with business of any kind. Nor, to my knowledge, have any of those literary men in this country whom I know."



—At the second annual dinner of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, held in London, **R. D. BLACKMORE** was perhaps the most prominent of the many prominent literary men present. He is very much of a recluse, and it was the first time that the majority of his fellow-workers had the author of *Lorna Doone* face to face. This portrait, which was drawn at the banquet for the *Publishers' Circular*, is one of the very few ever published of him.

—**JOHN CARLIN**, who was born a deaf-mute in Philadelphia seventy-eight years ago, died the other day at his home in New York. He was one of the first pupils of the Philadelphia Institute of Deaf-Mutes, but at twelve he had learned all to be taught him there. He had artistic tastes, and at twenty-five went to Paris, and for three years was a pupil of **DELAROCHE**. Returning to America, he became famous as a painter of miniatures, and had a large patronage in New York, Washington, and Philadelphia. He also tried to write poetry, but his ignorance of sound and rhythm was a serious drawback. To an extent he overcame this, as may be seen in his poem "The Deaf-Mute's Lament," beginning,

> "I move, a silent exile on the earth."

He married a deaf-mute, and had five children, all of whom had all the senses.

—A novel, interesting, and instructive contest is offered to its readers by **HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE**. A few cotton seeds are supplied to all applicants, and these they are invited to plant and raise, and after a certain date to send in a written history of their experience as cotton-planters. A hundred prizes will be the substantial reward of the hundred young planters whose histories shall prove to be the most complete and most accurate. Thousands of these young planters have already come forward, but it is not expected that the crop they raise will seriously influence the markets of the world.

—Sir **FRANCIS JEUNE**, whose recent appointment as a judge in the British High Court of Justice and subsequent elevation to knighthood have given him the right to a title, was one of the ablest men at the English bar, and his promotion has been generally applauded. Although not a politician, he was one of the organizers of the Primrose League, the first meeting being held at his house.

—Washington society has been wining and dining General Sir **JOHN ROSS**, commander of the British forces in America, evidently forgiving and forgetting the fact that his father burned the Capitol and White House in 1814.

—The late General **ALBERT PIKE**, of Washington, was perhaps better versed in the mysteries of ancient Freemasonry than any other person in the world. His translations from the vedas filled seventeen volumes of a thousand pages each, all carefully written in a beautiful hand. General **PIKE** used none but quill pens in this writing, and carefully preserved each one, the number probably reaching ten thousand.

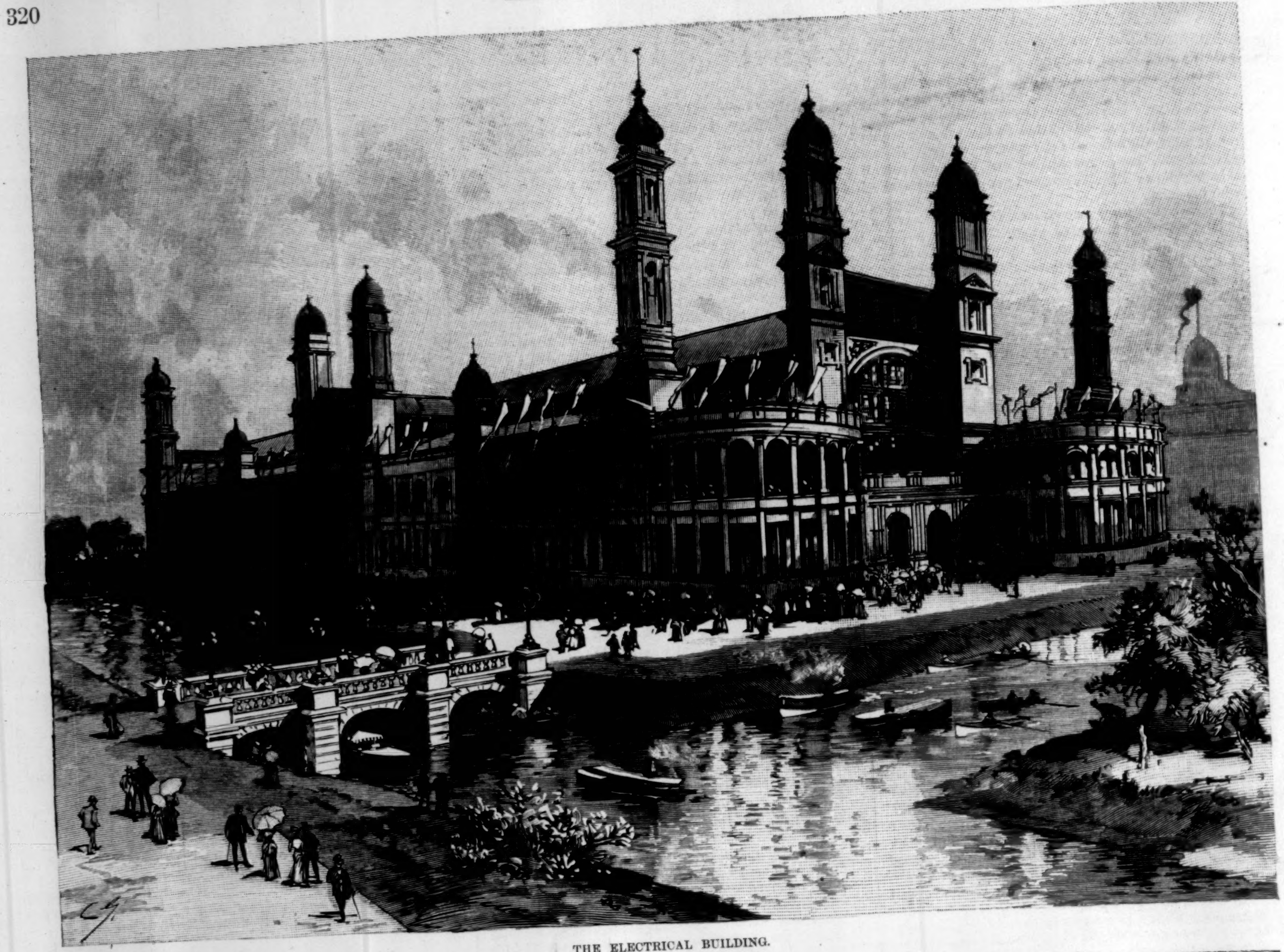
—Rev. **JAMES McMAHON**, of this city, who recently gave $500,000 worth of real estate to the Roman Catholic University at Washington, is perhaps the richest priest in this country, his wealth being the result of judicious investments in real estate. He is an accomplished Biblical and Hebrew scholar, and once published his version of the New Testament. Of late years he has given much attention to the perfection of church organs, making many improvements.

—**MINNIE HAUK**'s husband, Count **ERNEST DE HESSE WARTEGG**, is a writer and scientist of more than ordinary ability and reputation. He has travelled extensively in North and South America and in Europe and Africa, and belongs to many scientific societies in Europe and this country.

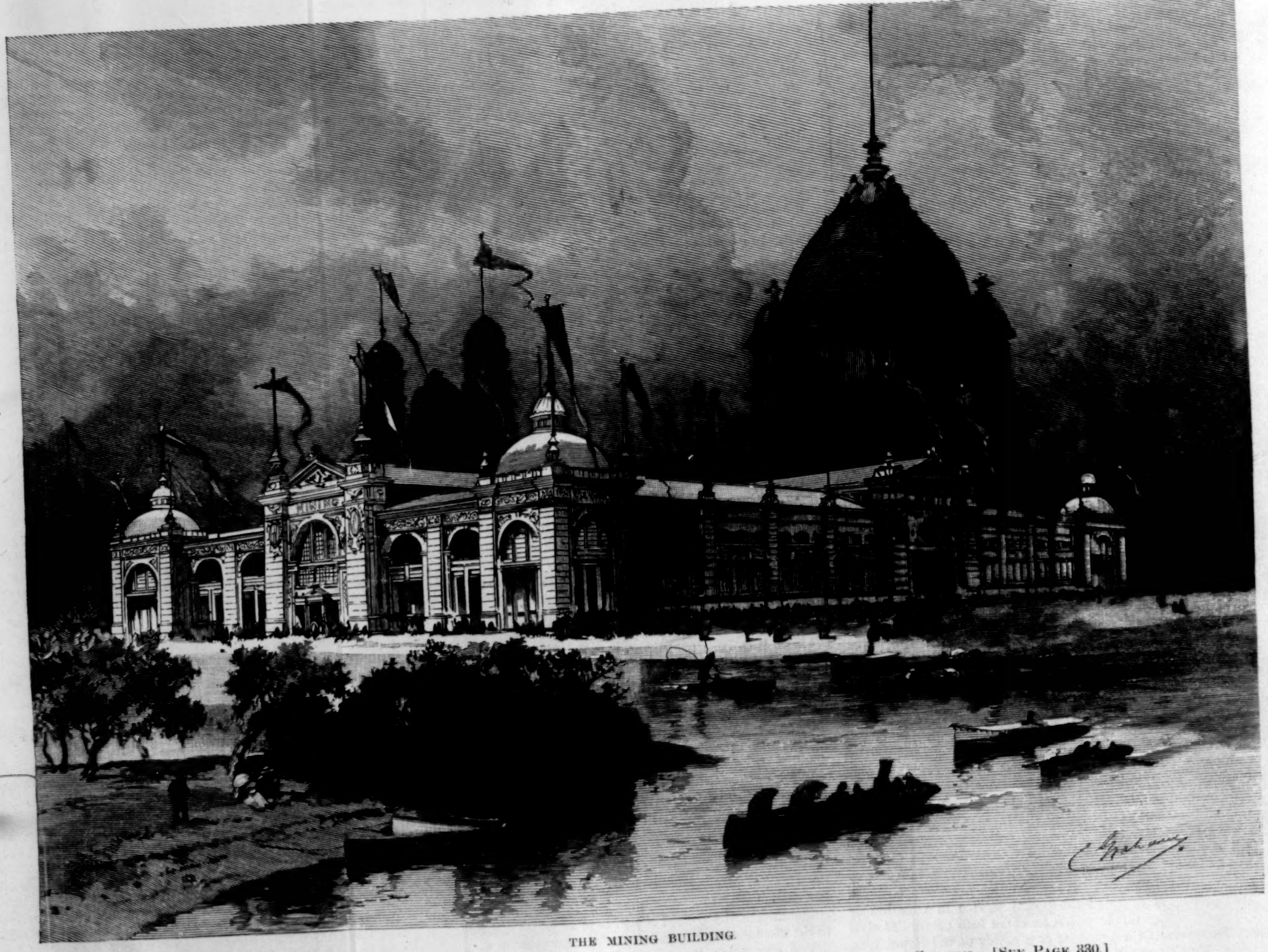
—Hon. **CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS**, Jun., who was for six years president of the Union Pacific Railroad, is naturally a graduate of Harvard and a thorough Bostonian. He has a delightful home on Commonwealth Avenue, but lives at Quincy, his birthplace, during the summer. Having served his country with distinction during the war, he began the study of railroad law, and met with much success in its practice in later years.

—Friends of the late General **SHERMAN** have nearly completed a fund of $100,000, which they will present to his two unmarried daughters as a testimonial of their esteem for the great soldier.

—The dinner given to **THEODORE THOMAS** at Delmonico's the other evening by prominent citizens of New York was a graceful tribute to the man who has done more than any one else, perhaps, to form and elevate the musical taste of New York. Mr. **GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS** presided over the gathering, and among others present were **WILLIAM STEINWAY**, **ANDREW CARNEGIE**, **EDWARD S. STANTON**, **PARKE GODWIN**, and **GEORGE WILLIAM WARREN**. Before leaving this city for Chicago Mr. **THOMAS** will give a series of notable farewell concerts at the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre.

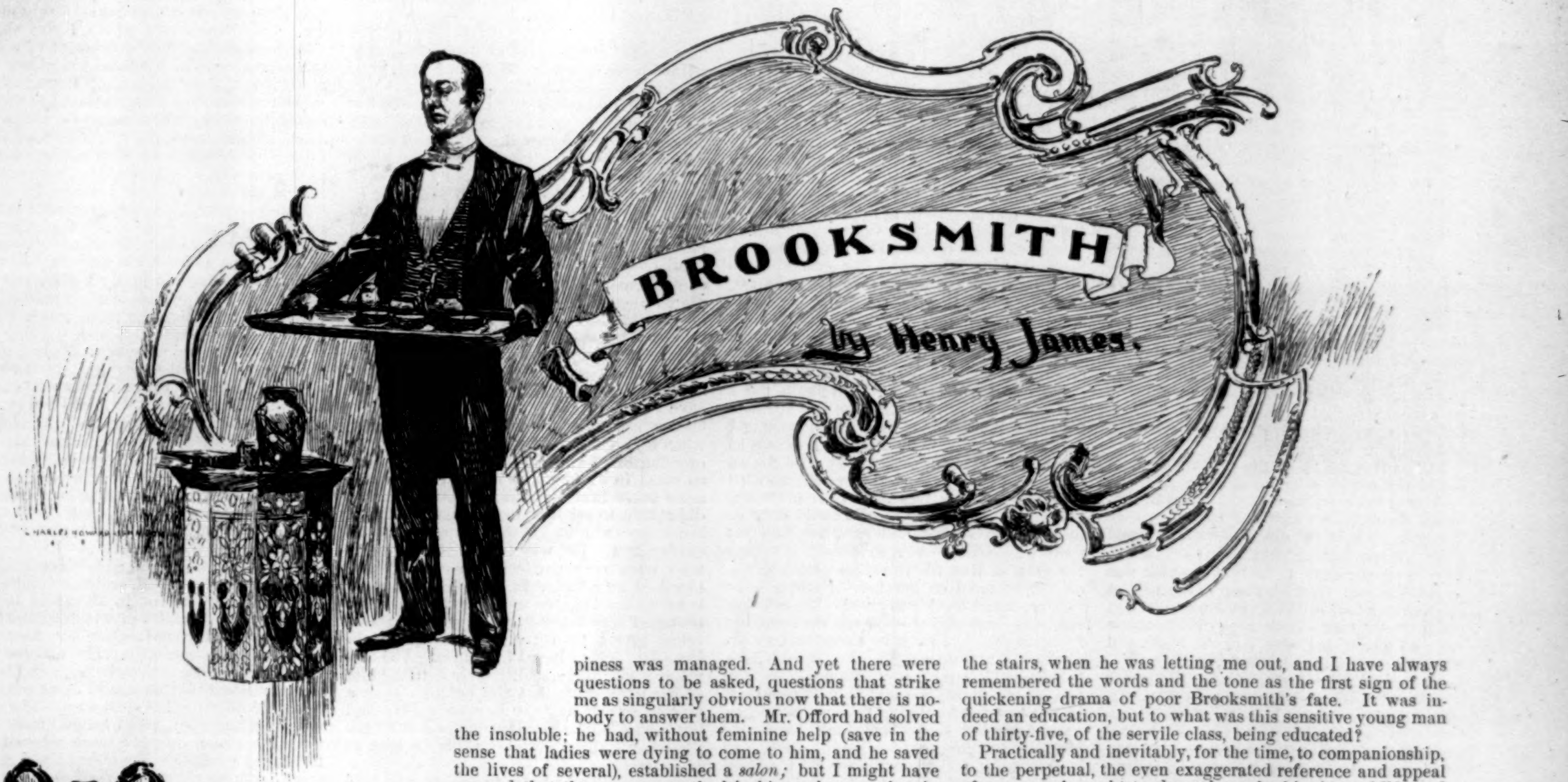


THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING.



THE MINING BUILDING.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—Drawings made from the accepted Plans by Charles Graham.—[See Page 330.]



BROOKSMITH

by Henry James.

WE are scattered now, the friends of the late Mr. Oliver Offord; but whenever we chance to meet I think we are conscious of a certain esoteric respect for each other. "Yes, you too have been in Arcadia," we seem not too grumpily to allow. When I pass the house in Mansfield Street I remember that Arcadia was there. I don't know who has it now, and I don't want to know; it's enough to be so sure that if I should ring the bell there would be no such luck for me as that Brooksmith should open the door. Mr. Offord, the most agreeable, the most lovable of bachelors, was a retired diplomatist, living on his pension, confined by his infirmities to his fireside, and delighted to be found there any afternoon in the year by such visitors as Brooksmith allowed to come up. Brooksmith was his butler and his most intimate friend, to whom we all stood, or I should say sat, in the same relation in which the subject of the sovereign finds himself to the Prime Minister. By having been for years, in foreign lands, the most delightful Englishman any one had ever known, Mr. Offord had, in my opinion, rendered signal service to his country. But I suppose he had been too much liked—liked even by those who didn't like *it*—so that as people of that sort never get titles or donations for the horrid things they have *not* done, his principal reward was simply that we went to see him.

Oh, we went perpetually, and it was not our fault if he was not overwhelmed with this particular honor. Any visitor who came once came again—to come merely once was a slight which nobody, I am sure, had ever put upon him. His circle, therefore, was essentially composed of *habitués*, who were *habitués* for each other as well as for him, as those of a happy *salon* should be. I remember vividly every element of the place, down to the intensely Londonish look of the gray opposite houses, in the gap of the white curtains of the high windows, and the exact spot where, on a particular afternoon, I put down my teacup for Brooksmith, lingering an instant, to gather it up as if he were plucking a flower. Mr. Offord's drawing-room was indeed Brooksmith's garden, his pruned and tended human parterre; and if we all flourished there and grew well in our places, it was largely owing to his supervision.

Many persons have heard much, though most have doubtless seen little, of the famous institution of the *salon*, and many are born to the depression of knowing that this finest flower of social life refuses to bloom where the English tongue is spoken. The explanation is usually that our women have not the skill to cultivate it—the art to direct, between suggestive shores, the course of the stream of talk. My affectionate, my pious memory of Mr. Offord contradicts this induction only, I fear, more insidiously to confirm it. The very sallow and slightly smoked drawing-room in which he spent so large a portion of the last years of his life certainly deserved the distinguished name; but on the other hand it could not be said at all to owe its stamp to the soft pressure of the indispensable sex. The dear man had indeed been capable of one of those sacrifices to which women are deemed peculiarly apt; he had recognized (under the influence, in some degree, it is true, of physical infirmity) that if you wish people to find you at home you must manage not to be out. He had, in short, accepted the fact, which many dabblers in the social art are slow to learn, that you must really, as they say, take a line, and that the only way to be at home is to stay at home. Finally, his own fireside had become a summary of his habits. Why should he ever have left it?—since this would have been leaving what was notoriously pleasantest in London, the compact charmed cluster (thinning away, indeed, into casual couples) round the fine old last-century chimney-piece, which, with the exception of the remarkable collection of miniatures, was the best thing the place contained. Mr. Offord was not rich; he had nothing but his pension and the use, for life, of the somewhat superannuated house.

When I am reminded by some uncomfortable contrast of to-day how perfectly we were all handled there, I ask myself once more what had been the secret of such perfection. One had taken it for granted at the time, for anything that is supremely good produces more acceptance than surprise. I felt we were all happy, but I didn't consider how our happiness was managed. And yet there were questions to be asked, questions that strike me as singularly obvious now that there is nobody to answer them. Mr. Offord had solved the insoluble; he had, without feminine help (save in the sense that ladies were dying to come to him, and he saved the lives of several), established a *salon;* but I might have guessed that there was a method in his madness—a law in his success. He had not hit it off by a mere fluke. There was an art in it all, and how was the art so hidden? Who, indeed, if it came to that, was the occult artist? Launching this inquiry the other day, I had already got hold of the tail of my reply. I was helped by the very wonder of some of the conditions that came back to me—those that used to seem as natural as sunshine in a fine climate.

How was it, for instance, that we never were a crowd, never either too many or too few, always the right people *with* the right people (there must really have been no wrong people at all), always coming and going, never sticking fast nor overstaying, yet never popping in or out with an indecorous familiarity? How was it that we all sat where we wanted, and moved when we wanted, and met whom we wanted, and escaped whom we wanted—joining, according to the accident of inclination, the general circle, or falling in with a single talker on a convenient sofa? Why were all the sofas so convenient, the accidents so happy, the talkers so ready, the listeners so willing, the subjects presented to you in a rotation as quickly foreordained as the courses at dinner? A dearth of topics would have been as unheard-of as a lapse in the service. These speculations couldn't fail to lead me to the fundamental truth that Brooksmith had been somehow at the bottom of the mystery. If he had not established the *salon*, at least he had carried it on. Brooksmith, in short, was the artist!

We felt this covertly at the time, without formulating it, and were conscious, as an ordered and prosperous community, of his even-handed justice, untainted with flunkyism. He had none of that vulgarity—his touch was infinitely fine. The delicacy of it was clear to me on the first occasion my eyes rested, as they were so often to rest again, on the domestic revealed, in the turbid light of the street, by the opening of the house door. I saw on the spot that though he had plenty of school he carried it without arrogance—he had remained articulate and human. *L'École Anglaise*, Mr. Offord used to call him, laughing, when, later, it happened more than once that we had some conversation about him. But I remember accusing Mr. Offord of not doing him quite ideal justice. That he was not one of the giants of the school, however, my old friend, who really understood him perfectly, and was devoted to him, as I shall show, quite admitted; which doubtless poor Brooksmith had himself felt, to his cost, when his value in the market was originally determined. The utility of his class in general is estimated by the foot and the inch, and poor Brooksmith had only about five feet two to put into circulation. He acknowledged the inadequacy of this provision, and I am sure was penetrated with the everlasting fitness of the relation between service and stature. If *he* had been Mr. Offord, he certainly would have found Brooksmith wanting, and indeed the laxity of his employer on this score was one of many things which he had had to condone, and to which he had at last indulgently adapted himself.

I remember the old man's saying to me: "Oh, my servants, if they can live with me a fortnight they can live with me forever. But it's the first fortnight that tries 'em." It was in the first fortnight, for instance, that Brooksmith had had to learn that he was exposed to being addressed as "My dear fellow" and "My poor child." Strange and deep must such a probation have been to him, and he doubtless emerged from it tempered and purified. This was written to a certain extent in his appearance; in his spare, brisk little person, in his cloistered white face and extraordinarily glossy hair, which told of responsibility, looked as if it were kept up to the same high standard as the plate; in his small, clear, anxious eyes; even in the permitted, though not exactly encouraged tuft on his chin. "He thinks me rather mad, but I have broken him in, and now he likes the place, he likes the company," said the old man. I embraced this fully after I had become aware that Brooksmith's main characteristic was a deep and shy refinement, though I remember I was rather puzzled when, on another occasion, Mr. Offord remarked, "What he likes is the talk—mingling in the conversation." I was conscious that I had never seen Brooksmith permit himself this freedom, but I guessed in a moment that what Mr. Offord alluded to was a participation more intense than any speech could have represented—that of being perpetually present on a hundred legitimate pretexts, errands, necessities, and breathing the very atmosphere of criticism, the famous criticism of life. "Quite an education, sir; isn't it, sir?" he said to me one day at the foot of the stairs, when he was letting me out, and I have always remembered the words and the tone as the first sign of the quickening drama of poor Brooksmith's fate. It was indeed an education, but to what was this sensitive young man of thirty-five, of the servile class, being educated?

Practically and inevitably, for the time, to companionship, to the perpetual, the even exaggerated reference and appeal of a person brought to dependence by his time of life and his infirmities, and always addicted, moreover (this was the exaggeration), to the art of giving you pleasure by letting you do things for him. There were certain things Mr. Offord was capable of pretending he liked you to do, even when he didn't, if he thought *you* liked them. If it happened that you didn't either (this was rare, but it might be), of course there were cross-purposes; but Brooksmith was there to prevent their going very far. This was precisely the way he acted as moderator: he averted misunderstandings, or cleared them up. He had been capable, strange as it may appear, of acquiring for this purpose an insight into the French tongue, which was often used at Mr. Offord's; for besides being habitual to most of the foreigners, and there were many, who haunted the place or arrived with letters (letters often requiring a little worried consideration, of which Brooksmith always had cognizance), it had really become the primary language of the master of the house. I don't know if all the *malentendus* were in French, but almost all the explanations were, and this didn't a bit prevent Brooksmith from following them. I know Mr. Offord used to read passages to him from Montaigne and Saint-Simon, for he read perpetually when he was alone—when they were alone, I should say—and Brooksmith was always about. Perhaps you'll say no wonder Mr. Offord's butler regarded him as "rather mad." However, if I'm not sure what he thought about Montaigne, I'm convinced he admired Saint-Simon. A certain feeling for letters must have rubbed off on him from the mere handling of his master's books, which he was always carrying to and fro and putting back in their places.

I often noticed that if an anecdote or a quotation, much more a lively discussion, was going forward, he would, if busy with the fire or the curtains, the lamp or the tea, find a pretext for remaining in the room till the point was reached. If his purpose was to catch it, you were not discreet to call him off, and I shall never forget a look, a hard, stony stare (I caught it in its passage), which, one day when there were a good many people in the room, he fastened upon the footman who was helping him in the service, and who, in an undertone, had asked him some irrelevant question. It was the only manifestation of harshness that I ever observed on Brooksmith's part, and at first I wondered what was the matter. Then I became conscious that Mr. Offord was relating a very curious anecdote, never before, perhaps, made so public, and imparted to the narrator by an eye-witness of the fact, bearing upon Lord Byron's life in Italy. Nothing would induce me to reproduce it here; but Brooksmith had been in danger of losing it. If I ever should venture to reproduce it, I shall feel how much I lose in not having my fellow-auditor to refer to.

The first day Mr. Offord's door was closed was, therefore, a dark date in contemporary history. It was raining hard and my umbrella was wet, but Brooksmith took it from me exactly as if this were a preliminary for going upstairs. I observed, however, that instead of putting it away he held it poised and trickling over the rug, and then I became aware that he was looking at me with deep, acknowledging eyes—his air of universal responsibility. I immediately understood; there was scarcely need of the question and the answer that passed between us. When I did understand that the old man had given up, for the first time, though only for the occasion, I exclaimed dolefully, "What a difference it will make—and to how many people!"

"I shall be one of them, sir!" said Brooksmith; and that was the beginning of the end.

Mr. Offord came down again, but the spell was broken, and the great sign of it was that the conversation was, for the first time, not directed. It wandered and stumbled, a little frightened, like a lost child—it had let go the nurse's hand. "The worst of it is that now we shall talk about my health—*c'est la fin de tout,*" Mr. Offord said, when he reappeared; and then I recognized what a sign of change that would be—for he had never tolerated anything so provincial. The talk became ours, in a word—not his; and as ours, even when *he* talked, it could only be inferior. In this form it was a distress to Brooksmith, whose attention now wandered from it altogether: he had so much closer a vision of his master's intimate conditions than our superficialities represented. There were better hours, and he was more in and out of the room, but I could see that he was conscious that the great institution was falling to pieces. He seemed to wish to take counsel with me about it, to feel responsible for its going on in some form or other. When for the second period—the first had lasted several days—he had to tell me that our old friend didn't receive, I half expected to hear him say, after a moment, "Do you think I ought to, sir, in his place?"—as he might have asked me, with the return of autumn, if I thought he had better light the drawing-room fire.

He had a resigned philosophic sense of what his guests—our guests, as I came to regard them in our colloquies—would expect. His feeling was that he wouldn't absolutely have approved of himself as a substitute for the host; but he was so saturated with the religion of habit that he would have made, for our friends, the necessary sacrifice to the divinity. He would take them on a little further, till they could look about them. I think I saw him also mentally confronted with the opportunity to deal—for once in his life—with some of his own dumb preferences, his limitations of sympathy, *weeding* a little, in prospect, and returning to a purer tradition. It was not unknown to me that he considered that toward the end of Mr. Offord's career a certain laxity of selection had crept in.

At last it came to be the case that we all found the closed door more often than the open one; but even when it was closed Brooksmith managed a crack for me to squeeze through; so that practically I never turned away without having paid a visit. The difference simply came to be that the visit was to Brooksmith. It took place in the hall, at the familiar foot of the stairs, and we didn't sit down—at least Brooksmith didn't; moreover it was devoted wholly to one topic, and always had the air of being already over—beginning, as it were, at the end. But it was always interesting—it always gave me something to think about. It is true that the subject of my meditation was ever the same—ever "It's all very well, but what *will* become of Brooksmith?" Even my private answer to this question left me still unsatisfied. No doubt Mr. Offord would provide for him, but *what* would he provide? that was the great point. He couldn't provide society; and society had become a necessity of Brooksmith's nature. I must add that he never showed a symptom of what I may call sordid solicitude—anxiety on his own account. He was rather livid and intensely grave, as befitted a man before whose eyes the shade "of that which once was great" was passing away. He had the solemnity of a person winding up, under depressing circumstances, a long-established and celebrated business; he was a kind of social executor or liquidator. But his manner seemed to testify exclusively to the uncertainty of *our* future. I couldn't in those days have afforded it—I lived in two rooms in Jermyn Street, and didn't "keep a man"—but even if my income had permitted I shouldn't have ventured to say to Brooksmith (emulating Mr. Offord), "My dear fellow, I'll take you on." The whole tone of our intercourse was so much more an implication that it was *I* who should now want a lift. Indeed there was a tacit assurance in Brooksmith's whole attitude that he would have me on his mind.

One of the most assiduous members of our circle had been Lady Kenyon, and I remember his telling me one day that her ladyship had, in spite of her own infirmities, lately much aggravated, been in person to inquire. In answer to this I remarked that she would feel it more than any one. Brooksmith was silent a moment; at the end of which he said, in a certain tone (there is no reproducing some of his tones), "I'll go and see her." I went to see her myself, and I learned that he had waited upon her; but when I said to her, in the form of a joke but with a core of earnest, that when all was over some of us ought to combine, to club together, to set Brooksmith up on his own account, she replied a trifle disappointingly—"Do you mean in a public-house?" I looked at her (in a way that I think Brooksmith himself would have approved), and then I answered, "Yes; the Offord Arms." What I had meant, of course, was that, for the love of art itself, we ought to look to it that such a peculiar faculty and so much acquired experience should not be wasted. I really think that if we had caused a few black-edged cards to be struck off and circulated—"Mr. Brooksmith will continue to receive on the old premises from four to seven; business carried on as usual during the alterations"—the majority of us would have rallied.

Several times he took me up stairs—always by his own proposal—and our dear old friend, in bed, in a curious flowered and brocaded *casaque* which made him, especially as his head was tied up in a handkerchief to match, look, to my imagination, like a dying Voltaire, held for ten minutes a sadly shrunken little *salon*. I felt, indeed, each time, as if I were attending the last *coucher* of some social sovereign. He was royally whimsical about his sufferings, and not at all concerned—quite as if the Constitution provided for the case—about his successor. He glided over *our* sufferings charmingly, and none of his jokes—it was a gallant abstention, some of them would have been so easy—were at our expense. Now and again, I confess, there was one at Brooksmith's, but so pathetically sociable as to make the excellent man look at me in a way that seemed to say, "Do exchange a glance with me, or I sha'n't be able to stand it." What he was not able to stand was not what Mr. Offord said about him, but what he wasn't able to say in return. His notion of conversation, for himself, was giving you the convenience of speaking to him; and when he went to "see" Lady Kenyon, for instance, it was to carry her the tribute of his receptive silence. Where would the speech of his betters have been if proper service had been a manifestation of sound? In that case the fundamental difference would have had to be shown by *their* dumbness—and many of them, poor things, were dumb enough without that provision. Brooksmith took an unfailing interest in the preservation of the fundamental difference; it was the thing he had most on his conscience.

What had become of it, however, when Mr. Offord passed away like any inferior person—was relegated to eternal stillness like a butler upstairs? His aspect for several days after the expected event may be imagined, and the multiplication by funereal observance of the things he didn't say. When everything was over—it was late the same day—I knocked at the door of the house of mourning as I so often had done before. I could never call on Mr. Offord again, but I had come, literally, to call on Brooksmith. I wanted to ask him if there was anything I could do for him, tainted with vagueness as this inquiry could only be. My wild dream of taking him into my own service had died away: my service was not worth his being taken into. My offer to him could only be to help him to find another place, and yet there was an indelicacy, as it were, in taking for granted that his thoughts would immediately be fixed on another. I had a hope that he would be able to give his life a different form—though certainly not the form, the frequent result of such bereavements, of his setting up a little shop. That would have been dreadful; for I should have wished to further any enterprise that he might embark in, yet how could I have brought myself to go and pay him shillings and take back coppers over a counter? My visit, then, was simply an intended compliment. He took it as such, gratefully and with all the tact in the world. He knew I really couldn't help him, and that I knew he knew I couldn't; but we discussed the situation with a good deal of elegant generality at the foot of the stairs, in the hall already dismantled, where I had so often discussed other situations with him. The executors were in possession, as was still more apparent when he made me pass for a few minutes into the dining-room, where various objects were muffled up for removal.

Two definite facts, however, he had to communicate; one being that he was to leave the house forever that night (servants, for some mysterious reason, seem always to depart by night), and the other—he mentioned it only at the last, with hesitation—that he had already been informed his late master had left him a legacy of eighty pounds. "I'm very glad," I said; and Brooksmith rejoined, "It was so like him to think of me." This was all that passed between us on the subject, and I know nothing of his judgment of Mr. Offord's memento. Eighty pounds are always eighty pounds, and no one has ever left *me* an equal sum; but, all the same, for Brooksmith, I was disappointed. I don't know what I had expected—in short, I was disappointed. Eighty pounds might stock a little shop—a *very* little shop; but, I repeat, I couldn't bear to think of that. I asked my friend if he had been able to save a little, and he replied, "No, sir; I have had to do things." I didn't inquire what things he had had to do; they were his own affair, and I took his word for them as assentingly as if he had had the greatness of an ancient house to keep up; especially as there was something in his manner that seemed to convey a prospect of further sacrifice.

"I shall have to turn round a bit, sir—I shall have to look about me," he said; and then he added, indulgently, magnanimously, "If you should happen to hear of anything for me—"

I couldn't let him finish; this was, in its essence, too much in the really grand manner. It would be a help to my getting him off my mind to be able to pretend I *could* find the right place, and that help he wished to give me, for it was doubtless painful to him to see me in so false a position. I interposed with a few words to the effect that I was well aware that wherever he should go, whatever he should do, he would miss our old friend terribly—miss him even more than I should, having been with him so much more. This led him to make the speech that I have always remembered as the very text of the whole episode.

"Oh, sir, it's sad for *you*, very sad indeed, and for a great many gentlemen and ladies; that it is, sir. But for me, sir, it is, if I may say so, still graver even than that; it's just the loss of something that was everything. For me, sir," he went on, with rising tears, "he was just *all*, if you know what I mean, sir. You have others, sir, I dare say—not that I would have you understand me to speak of them as in any way tantamount. But you have the pleasures of society, sir; if it's only in talking about him, sir, as I dare say you do freely—for all his blessed memory has to fear from it—with gentlemen and ladies who have had the same honor. That's not for me, sir, and I have to keep my associations to myself. Mr. Offord was *my* society, and now I have no more. You go back to conversation, sir, after all, and I go back to my place," Brooksmith stammered, without exaggerated irony or dramatic bitterness, but with a flat, unstudied veracity, and his hand on the knob of the street door. He turned it to let me out, and then he added, "I just go down stairs, sir, again, and I stay there."

"My poor child," I replied, in my emotion, quite as Mr. Offord used to speak, "my dear fellow, leave it to me. We'll look after you; we'll all do something for you."

"Ah, if you could give me some one *like* him! But there ain't two in the world," said Brooksmith as we parted.

He had given me his address—the place where he would be to be heard of. For a long time I had no occasion to make use of the information; for he proved, indeed, on trial a very difficult case. In a word, the people who knew him, and had known Mr. Offord, didn't want to take him, and yet I couldn't bear to try to thrust him among people who didn't know him. I spoke to many of our old friends about him, and I found them all governed by the odd mixture of feelings of which I myself was conscious, and disposed, further, to entertain a suspicion that he was "spoiled," with which I then would have nothing to do. In plain terms, a certain embarrassment, a sensible awkwardness, when they thought of it, attached to the idea of using him as a menial; they had met him so often in society. Many of them would have asked him, and did ask him, or rather did ask me to ask him, to come and see them; but a mere visiting list was not what I wanted for him. He was too short for people who were very particular; nevertheless, I heard of an opening in a diplomatic household which led me to write him a note, though I was looking much less for something grand than for something human. Five days later I heard from him. The secretary's wife had decided, after keeping him waiting till then, that she couldn't take a servant out of a house in which there had not been a lady. The note had a P.S.: "It's a good job there wasn't, sir, such a lady as some."

A week later he came to see me, and told me he was "suited"—committed to some highly respectable people (they were something very large in the City), who lived on the Bayswater side of the Park. "I dare say it will be rather poor, sir," he admitted; "but I've seen the fireworks, haven't I, sir? It can't be fireworks *every* night. After Mansfield Street, there ain't much choice." There was a certain amount, however, it seemed; for the following year, going one day to call on a country cousin, a lady of a certain age, who was spending a fortnight in town with some friends of her own, a family unknown to me and resident in Chester Square, the door of the house was opened, to my surprise and gratification, by Brooksmith in person. When I came out I had some conversation with him, from which I gathered that he had found the large City people too dull for endurance, and I guessed, though he didn't say it, that he had found them vulgar as well. I don't know what judgment he would have passed on his actual patrons if my relative had not been their friend; but under the circumstances he abstained from comment.

None was necessary, however, for before the lady in question brought her visit to a close they honored me with an invitation to dinner, which I accepted. There was a largish party on the occasion, but I confess I thought of Brooksmith rather more than of the seated company. They required no depth of attention—they were all referable to usual, irredeemable, inevitable types. It was the world of cheerful commonplace and conscious gentility and prosperous density, a full-fed, material, insular world, a world of hideous florid plate and ponderous order and thin conversation. There was not a word said about Byron. Nothing would have induced me to look at Brooksmith in the course of the repast, and I felt sure that not even my overturning the wine would have induced him to meet my eye. We were in intellectual sympathy—we felt, as regards each other, a kind of social responsibility. In short, we had been in Arcadia together, and we had both come to *this!* No wonder we were ashamed to be confronted. When he helped on my overcoat, as I was going away, we parted, for the first time since the earliest days in Mansfield Street, in silence. I thought he looked lean and wasted, and I guessed that his new place was not more "human" than his previous one. There was plenty of beef and beer, but there was no reciprocity. The question for him to have asked before accepting the position would have been not "How many footmen are kept?" but "How much imagination?"

The next time I went to the house—I confess it was not very soon—I encountered his successor, a personage who evidently enjoyed the good fortune of never having quitted his natural level. Could any be higher? he seemed to ask—over the heads of three footmen, and even of some visitors. He made me feel as if Brooksmith were dead; but I didn't dare to inquire—I couldn't have borne his "I haven't the least idea, sir." I despatched a note to the address Brooksmith had given me after Mr. Offord's death, but I received no answer. Six months later, however, I was favored with a visit from an elderly, dreary, dingy person, who introduced herself to me as Mr. Brooksmith's aunt, and from whom I learned that he was out of place and out of health, and had allowed her to come and say to me that if I could spare half an hour to look in at him he would take it as a rare honor.

I went the next day—his messenger had given me a new address—and found my friend lodged in a short sordid street in Marylebone, one of those corners of London that wear the last expression of sickly meanness. The room into which I was shown was above the small establishment of a dyer and cleaner who had inflated kid gloves and discolored shawls in his shop front. There was a great deal of grimy infant life up and down the place, and there was a hot, moist smell within, as of the "boiling" of dirty linen. Brooksmith sat with a blanket over his legs at a clean little window, where, from behind stiff bluish-white curtains, he could look across at a huckster's and a tinsmith's and a small greasy public-house. He had passed through an illness and was convalescent, and his mother, as well as his aunt, was in attendance on him. I liked the mother, who was bland and intensely humble, but I didn't much fancy the aunt, whom I connected, perhaps unjustly, with the opposite public-house (she seemed, somehow, to be greasy with the same grease), and whose furtive eye followed every movement of my hand, as if to see if it were not going into my pocket. It didn't take this direction—I couldn't, unsolicited, put myself at that sort of ease with Brooksmith. Several times the door of the room opened, and mysterious old women peeped in and shuffled back again. I don't know who they were; poor Brooksmith seemed encompassed with vague, prying, beery females.

He was vague himself, and evidently weak, and much embarrassed, and not an allusion was made between us to Mansfield Street. The vision of the *salon* of which he had been an ornament hovered before me, however, by contrast, sufficiently. He assured me that he was really getting better, and his mother remarked that he would come round if he could only get his spirits up. The aunt echoed this opinion, and I became more sure that in her own case she knew where to go for such a purpose. I'm afraid I was rather weak with my old friend, for I neglected the opportunity, so exceptionally good, to rebuke the levity which had led him to throw up honorable positions—fine, stiff, steady berths, with morning prayers, as I knew, attached to one of them—in Bayswater and Belgravia. Very likely his reasons had been profane and sentimental; he didn't want morning prayers, he wanted to be somebody's dear fellow; but I couldn't be the person to rebuke him. He shuffled these episodes out of sight—I saw that he had no wish to discuss them. I perceived further, strangely enough, that it would probably be a questionable pleasure for him to see me again: he doubted now even of my power to condone his aberrations. He didn't wish to have to explain; and his behavior, in future, was likely to need explanation. When I bade him farewell he looked at me a moment with eyes that said everything: "How can I talk about those exquisite years in this place, before these people, with the old women poking their heads in? It was very good of you to come to see me—it wasn't my idea; *she* brought you. We've said everything; it's over; you'll lose all patience with me, and I'd rather you shouldn't see the rest." I sent him some money, in a letter, the next day, but I saw the rest only in the light of a barren sequel.

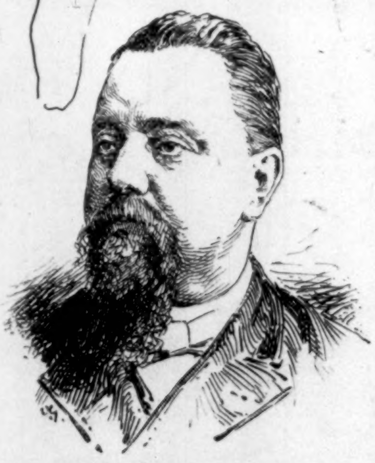
A whole year after my visit to him I became aware once, in dining out, that Brooksmith was one of the several servants who hovered behind our chairs. He had not opened the door of the house to me, and I had not recognized him in the cluster of retainers in the hall. This time I tried to catch his eye, but he never gave me a chance, and when he handed me a dish I could only be careful to thank him audibly. Indeed I partook of two *entrées* of which I had my doubts, subsequently converted into certainties, in order not to snub him. He looked well enough in health, but much older, and wore, in an exceptionally marked degree, the glazed and expressionless mask of the British domestic *de race*. I saw with dismay that if I had not known him I should have taken him, on the showing of his countenance, for an extravagant illustration of irresponsive servile gloom. I said to myself that he had become a reactionary, gone over to the Philistines, thrown himself into religion, the religion of his "place," like a foreign lady *sur le retour*. I divined, moreover, that he was engaged only for the evening—he had become a mere waiter, had joined the band of the white-waistcoated who "go out." There was something pathetic in this fact, and it was a terrible vulgarization of Brooksmith. It was the mercenary prose of butlerhood; he had given up the struggle for the poetry. If reciprocity was what he had missed, where was the reciprocity now? Only in the bottoms of the wineglasses and the five shillings (or whatever they get) clapped into his hand by the permanent man. However, I supposed he had taken up a precarious branch of his profession because, after all, it sent him less down stairs. His relations with London society were more superficial, but they were of course more various. As I went away, on this occasion, I looked out for him eagerly among the four or five attendants whose perpendicular persons, fluting the walls of London passages, are supposed to lubricate the wheels of departure; but he was not on duty. I asked one of the others if he were not in the house, and received the prompt answer: "Just left, sir. Anything I can do for you, sir?" I wanted to say, "Please give him my kind regards," but I abstained; I didn't want to compromise him, and I never came across him again.

Often and often, in dining out, I looked for him, sometimes accepting invitations on purpose to multiply the chances of my meeting him. But always in vain; so that as I met many other members of the casual class over and over again, I at last adopted the theory that he always procured a list of expected guests beforehand and kept away from the banquets which he thus learned I was to grace. At last I gave up hope, and one day, at the end of three years, I received another visit from his aunt. She was drearier and dingier, almost squalid, and she was in great tribulation and want. Her sister, Mrs. Brooksmith, had been dead a year, and three months later her nephew had disappeared. He had always looked after her a bit since her troubles—I never knew what her troubles had been—and now she hadn't so much as a petticoat to pawn. She had also a niece, to whom she had been everything, before her troubles, but the niece had treated her most shameful. These were details; the great and romantic fact was Brooksmith's final evasion of his fate. He had gone out to wait one evening, as usual, in a white waistcoat she had done up for him with her own hands, being due at a large party up Kensington way. But he had never come home again, and had never arrived at the large party, or at any party that any one could make out. No trace of him had come to light—no gleam of the white waistcoat had pierced the obscurity of his doom. This news was a sharp shock to me, for I had my ideas about his real destination. His aged relative had promptly, as she said, guessed the worst. Somehow and somewhere he had got out of the way altogether, and now I trust that, with characteristic deliberation, he is changing the plates of the immortal gods. As my depressing visitant also said, he never *had* got his spirits up. I was fortunately able to dismiss her with her own somewhat improved. But the dim ghost of poor Brooksmith is one of those that I see. He had indeed been spoiled.

WHIST.

THE FIRST AMERICAN WHIST CONGRESS.

To the West is due the origin of the world's first Whist Congress, and if especial credit be due to any one man, Eugene S. Elliott, a member of the Milwaukee Whist Club, is entitled to it. Through his indefatigable and unselfish endeavors during the past six months, the First American Whist Congress was convened in Milwaukee the week of April 14th, under the auspices of the Milwaukee Whist Club, whose guests the visiting delegates were. Thirty-seven prominent clubs were represented, and a larger number not present voiced their opinions by letter on subjects to be acted upon by the congress.

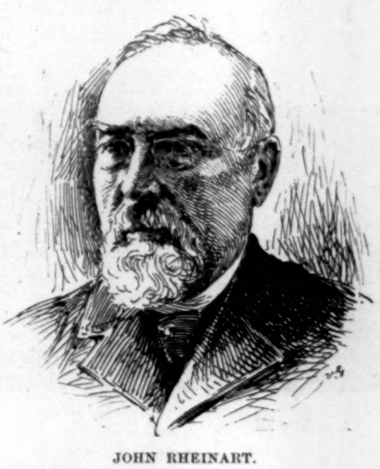


EUGENE S. ELLIOTT.

The object of the congress was to bring about a discussion of affairs generally, in the interests of the gentlemen's game, between representative whist-players, with a view to harmonize as much as practicable the discrepancies in the conduct of the game which exist to a greater or lesser extent in the whist practice of the several organizations of this country. In this regard it was desirable that a code of laws and a system of play should be reached, upon which whist-players of force in their interassociation could meet upon common ground. Lack of uniformity of system and laws in the various whist circles has been the prevailing defect of the game; but its gravitation has been steadily tending toward a higher order of play—to an order of play that comprehends more than a mere contest with master cards. It is the skilful general that unites all of his resources of artillery and infantry, and so with the game of whist, the skilful player will combine the major and minor resources of his own and his partner's hands. Whether acting offensively or defensively, he will not leave his lesser fours helpless. His smaller cards become master cards, and are made to do their full duty after the cards that rank them are played.

The trend of whist with authorities and players of force is unquestionably toward the style of game that yields the highest order of mental stimulus and recreation. The three whist authorities now most prominently before the public, Nicholas Browse Trist, of New Orleans; G. W. Pettes, of Boston; and Henry Jones ("Cavendish"), of London, are practically agreed as to the system that best accomplishes this result. Their principles are identical; the difference in the application of their principles is trivial. In a paper of this character it would be impracticable to detail those principles, but it will be relevant to state that the system of leads that is surely advancing toward universal adoption is that the language of the original lead of the ace, the queen, the knave, or the ten generally expresses that the suit contains five or more cards. The lead of the king announces that the suit contains four cards; the lead of any low card, that there are three cards higher in the suit than the card led. This, or the "fourth best," is the foundation-stone of American whist. Its principle is the discovery of Nicholas Browse Trist. Mr. Trist, however, in his capital paper on whist in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March, disclaims this fact, and shares the honor of its discovery and its formulation into practice with "Cavendish."

But the American whist public knows better. It knows that Mr. Trist is a modest and retiring man, and that he is solely and squarely entitled to all the honor that pertains to this the greatest discovery in the history of whist.



JOHN RHEINART.

The lead of the head of a sequence from suits headed by cards lower than the knave is abandoned. A number of players of force lead the fourth best from sequences headed by the knave. A few others go further, and lead fourth best from the queen-head sequence. The object is to confuse as little as possible the informatory character of the original lead of the ace, king, queen, knave, and ten. The foregoing principles are what the intellectual whist devotees are gravitating toward.

The factor that will most promote this end is the First American Whist Congress. It will both stimulate and focalize whist interest. Its influence for the good of whist will be as powerful as that of the first chess congress forty years ago has been for chess.

The Whist Congress was composed of a representative body of men of force. It was probably the most unselfish convention on record. There were no axes to grind, no personal interests to subserve. It was a gathering of prominent professional and business men devoted to the welfare of the royal game they love.

It was a fitting recognition of Eugene S. Elliott's zeal and labor to accomplish the congress that he should be made president of it, as well as president of the permanent organization of the National Whist League. R. F. Foster, of New York city, was elected secretary of the congress.

Festina lente (diligently, without haste) was the spirit that prevailed in the congress—to bring together, not to further sever, the clubs that practise different systems. Therefore there was no disposition to force issues upon any practice that this player or that player thought the best. Such subjects as the congress were a unit upon were passed, but all subjects were left open for a year's digestion, and for consideration and revision by the next congress. To unite all of the whist clubs of America into one harmonious congregation was its chief aim, and the congress has nobly paved the way for this. The work before the congress was the establishment of a uniform code of whist laws. In this the Portland rules were followed to a main extent. Important deviations were the abolishment of trebles, doubles, and singles, and of law 74 of Cavendish, which says, "A player may ask his partner whether he has not a card of the suit he has renounced." This practice has been a long-existing blemish in many clubs, and a recurring annoyance to players who did not wish to be disturbed with this trivial query. It is extremely rare that a careful player revokes, and it is an imposition that he should suffer a thousand interrogatories on the chance of one revoke. The careless player should be disciplined through the penalty, or if need be by harsher methods. John Rheinart was an active agent in having this law eliminated.

Trump turned from the live pack, seven-point game, and the play of the entire hand out were important features embodied in the code.

The emphasis of sentiment is to attain the best results from the play of the 52 cards, and to play the hand out, whether the game be scored or not.

The English custom of playing for a stake was noticed through a resolution by Mr. Safford, of the United States Inter-State Commission: "That the First American Whist Congress, while it does not assume to dictate to the players of the game of whist whether or not such players shall lay wagers upon the result of the game, hereby declares it to be of the opinion that betting on the result of the game by players or outsiders is contrary to good morals, tends to injure the game, and to deteriorate the style of the play."

The vote of the congress was a tie on this resolution, but it was carried by President Elliott's vote.

This resolution unquestionably voices the sentiment of the majority of whist-players, who love the game for its intellectual resources, and not as a medium of financial profit and loss.

Mr. Trist, in a letter, explained why he was unable to attend the congress, and recommended the adoption of Cavendish's eighteenth appendix system. A resolution to that effect was voted upon and carried.

The principal remaining business was the formation of a permanent organization, to be known as the American Whist League.

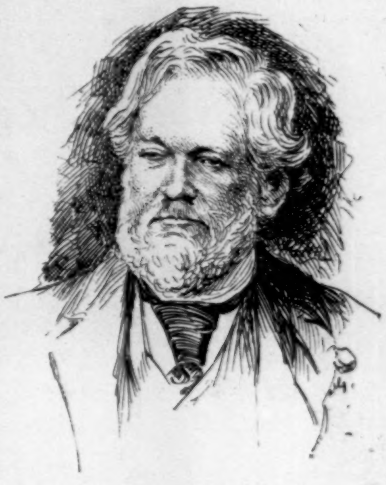
In whist contests 54 delegates responded to the Milwaukee club's challenge to all comers. The match was for straight points, pair against pair, in a two-and-a-half-hour sitting. The result was a remarkable one, the Milwaukeeans making 1533 points to the visitors' 1250 points, and winning by a plus score of 283 points. Whatever the result might have been had the hands been played over in duplicate, the fact remains that no other one club in America could have furnished so many expert players to stand against the picked players of the country.

One of the most interesting contests was a match in duplicate between President C. M. Paine and Eugene Smith, the whist editor of *Janewins Weekly*, representative players of the home club, and C. D. P. Hamilton and C. S. Boutcher, the delegates of the Pomfret Club, of Easton, Pennsylvania. The play lasted four hours, was extremely close, and resulted in favor of the Pomfrets by a plus score of 3 points. The latter played strictly by the "G. W. P." system.

In the contest in individual duplicate for the Streeter gold and diamond badge by Foster's system 48 players took part. In 576 hands the three delegates who lost the least number of tricks were the Pomfret, of Easton, the Hamilton, of Philadelphia, and the Detroit, of Detroit. They each alike lost 10 tricks, and tied. In the play off, with rotation of partners, President Paine stood as the fourth man; 64 hands in all were played, and Mr. Price Townsend, of the Hamilton Club, Philadelphia, won the prize by 2 points. Paine's score exceeded this by 8 points, which is highly creditable, considering his unenviable position.

The only other contest in duplicate was one of 16 hands between four disciples of the "G. W. P." system—one from the Pomfret, one from the Deschapelles, of Boston, and two from the Illinois Club, of Chicago—against four picked players of the Milwaukee club, which resulted in a victory for the "G. W. P.'s" by 1 point.

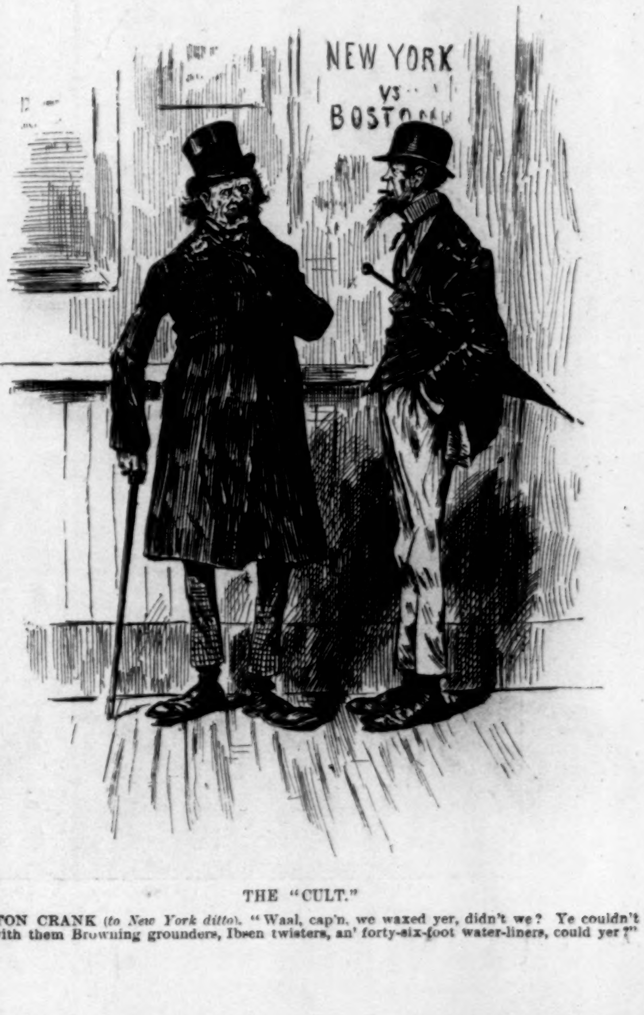
Mr. Pettes's system was not advocated before the congress because of the strong prejudice against it. This animus is against the man rather than his system. Those who are the most biassed seem to know the least of what his system consists. Mr. Pettes's principles are identical with those of the advance rank of players. His refinements upon them are in the line of fuller information of stated combinations, but they are logical. Mr. Pettes stands whist upon a very elevated pedestal. He is inflexible in his attitude to his ideal. He will meet no one on a plane below it. Hence his offence is frequent and great. A more conciliatory and diplomatic policy would easily have made him the respected leader of the whist forces of the country—a position that he is worthy of. His rules of play, though severe, are infinitely preferable to the prevailing laxity in the conduct of the game.



G. W. PETTES.

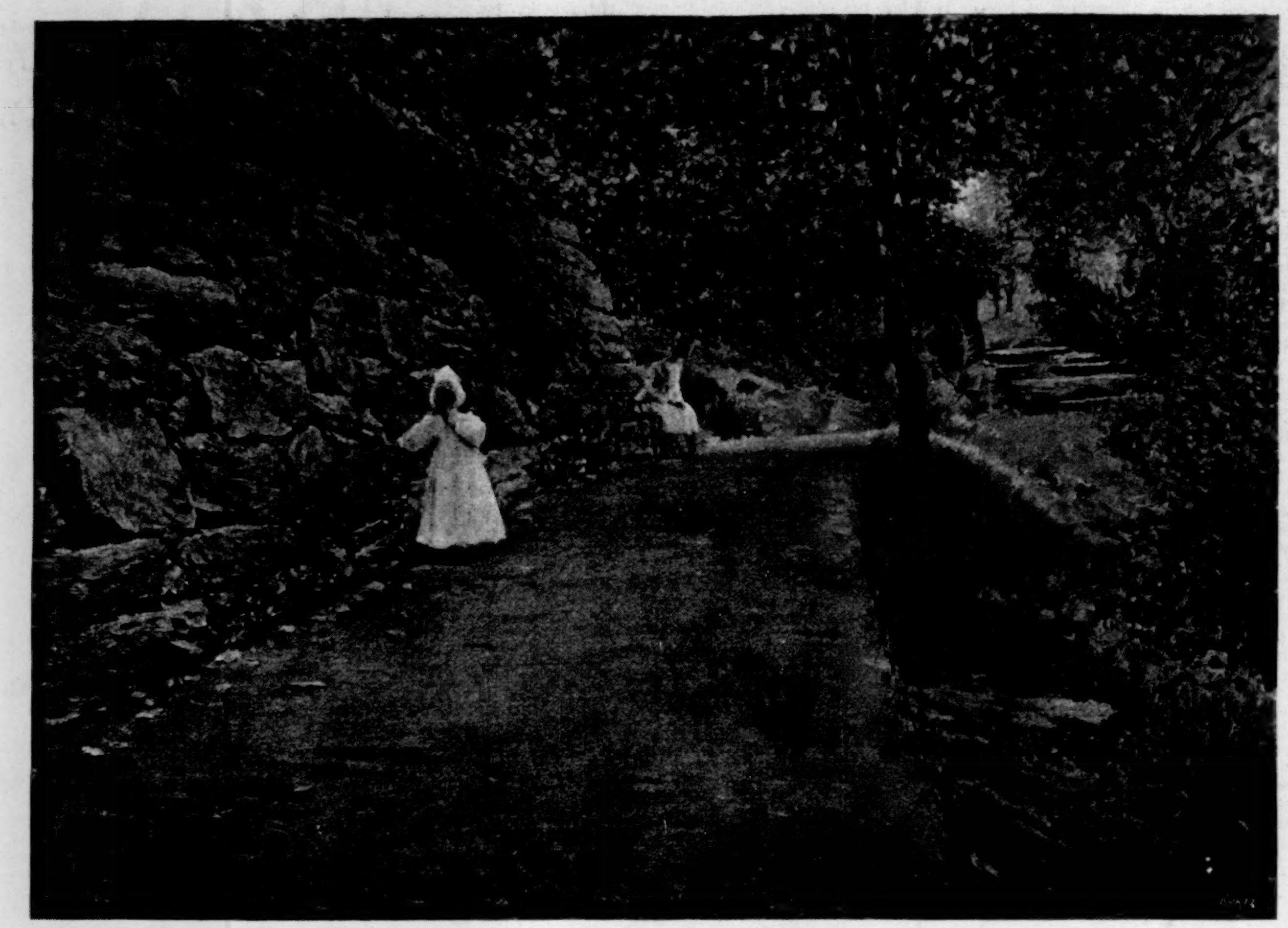
The venerable John Rheinart, the Nestor of the Milwaukee club, is an interesting figure in whist history. Forty years ago he was the favorite partner of the famous Deschapelles in his contests, and is now the only living link in connection with the great master of whist. Mr. Rheinart is a hearty old man, with faculties in full vigor. He plays an unconventional game of whist; but his whist perception is keen and his tactics shrewd, and his opponent needs to be cool-headed and wary to counter them.

The ladies of Milwaukee placed their beautiful Athenæum at the disposal of the congress for its session. The hospitality of the Milwaukee club was as unstinted as it was unselfish, and the congress, resulting entirely from their endeavors, marks the most important mile-stone in the history of whist for the advancement of its interests.

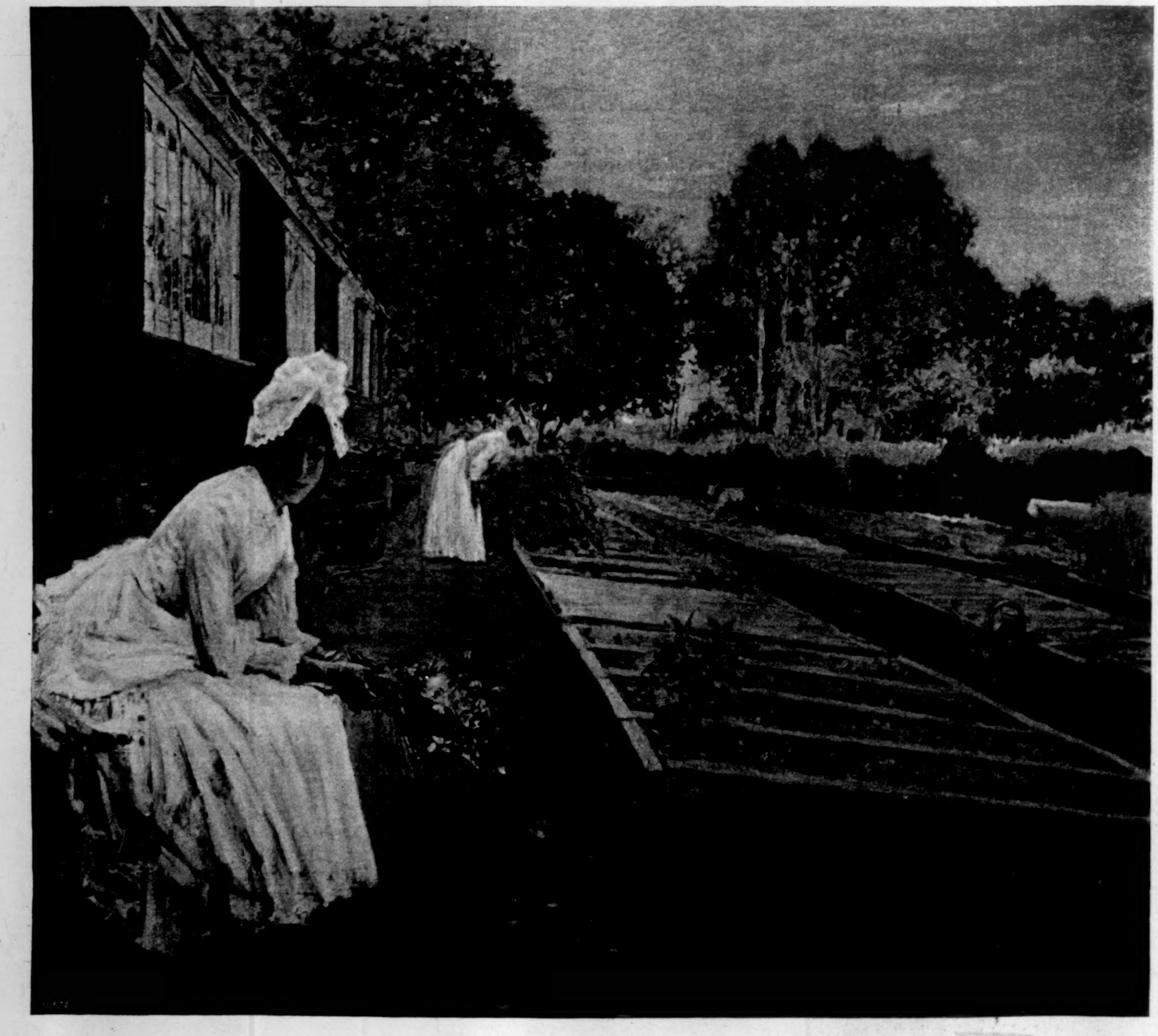


THE "CULT."

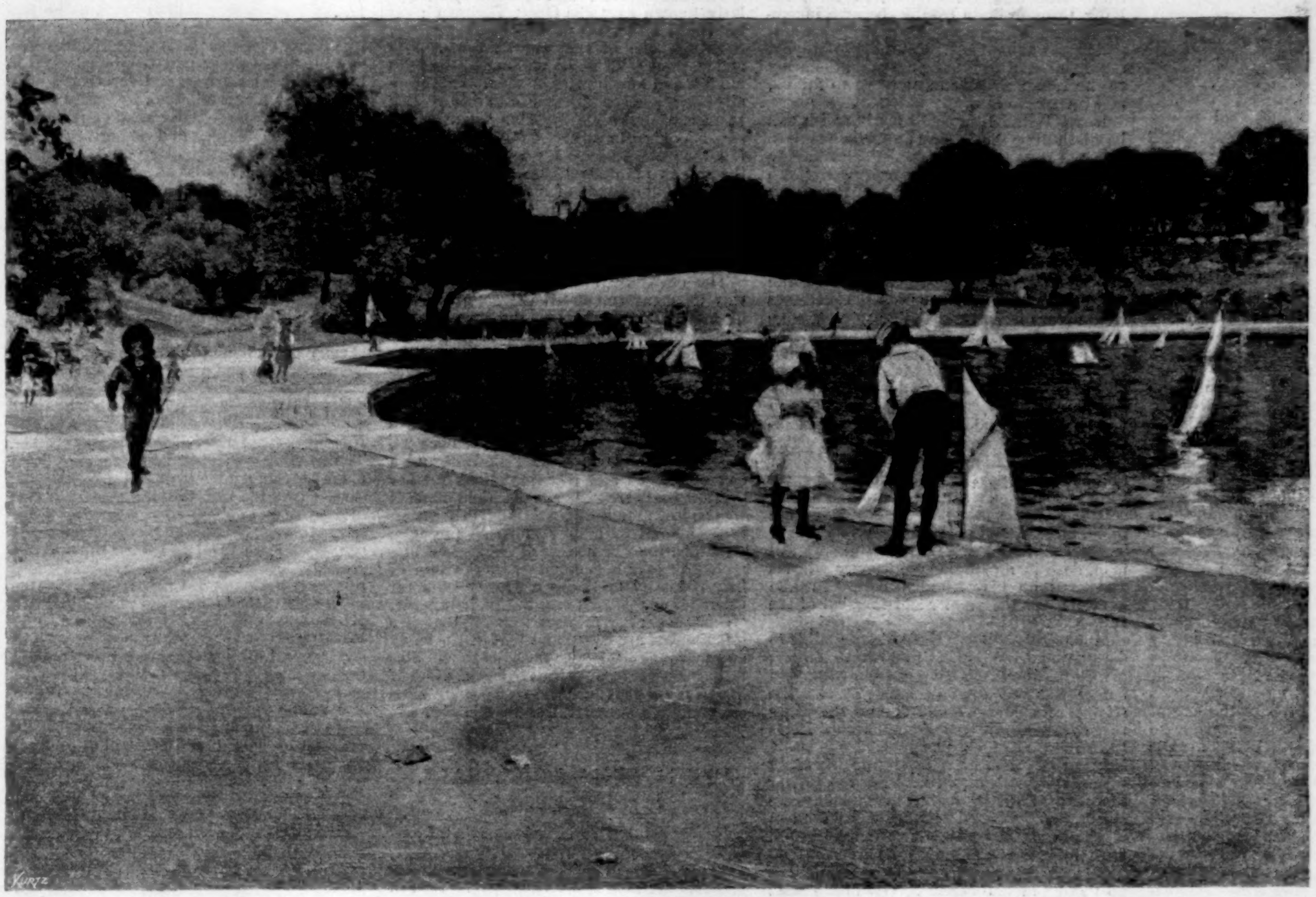
BOSTON CRANK *(to New York ditto)*. "Waal, cap'n, we waxed yer, didn't we? Ye couldn't do nothin' with them Browning grounders, Ibsen twisters, an' forty-six-foot water-liners, could yer?"



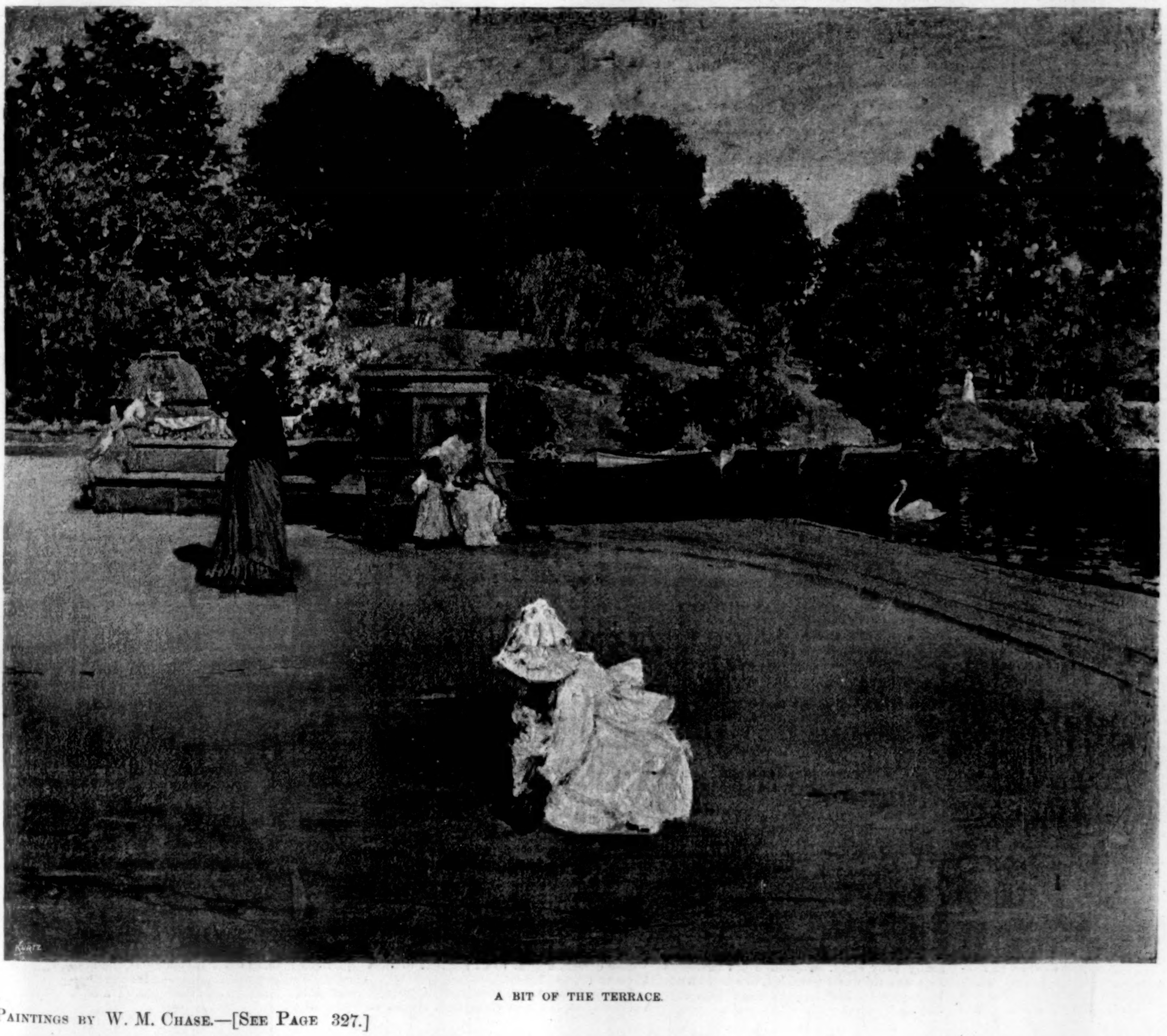
A BY-PATH.



THE NURSERY.



THE LAKE FOR MINIATURE YACHTS.



A BIT OF THE TERRACE.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY W. M. CHASE.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

PERMANENCY.

A lover carved upon a bed of stone
His lady's name, and set thereto a rhyme;
And on the rock were marks beside his own,
Scratched by a glacier in primeval time.

And yet the passion that his spirit stirred,
The while he cut her fond and fleeting name,
Methinks was more eternal than the word
The ice age spoke—time's snow against love's flame!

Richard E. Burton.

MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.

BY FREDERIC BANCROFT.

History scarcely affords another instance of a man who has played so important a public rôle and at the same time kept so aloof from the eye of the people among whom he dwelt as the late Marshal von Moltke. For more than a quarter of a century one of the three most famous men in Germany, the man himself was almost unknown to the populace. Plain and modest almost to a fault, he neither noticed the crowd nor cared for the crowd's notice. Yet the German people loved him tenderly, and taught their lisping children to call him "Onkel Moltke"; and it was a cheap colored print of his wrinkled, kindly face, which hung beside those of "Kaiser" and "Unser Fritz," that was all most of them ever saw of him who was the "uncle" and one of the Penates of almost every family in Germany. To those who care more for honest and serious endeavor than for dash and "fate" his life is full of interest.

Helmuth Carl Bernhardt von Moltke was born October 26, 1800, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. For generations his family had followed the profession of arms, and thus playing at war was the boy's natural and favorite sport. At the age of twelve he was sent to Copenhagen, where he spent six years in a military academy. His keen eye saw that Denmark was already on the decline, and that her military service promised little to an ambitious young officer; but to exchange it for Prussia's would cost him four years of hard study. Men generally have more time than pluck. Young Moltke had an abundance of both. He left Denmark, and, after passing a brilliant examination, became a Prussian Second Lieutenant. Then, as now, the Second Lieutenant's pay was a mere pittance, and the father's purse was expected to supply the lack. Moltke's father could not spare him a groschen, but the son's ambition supplied all wants. Even out of his paltry earnings he managed to save enough to pay for instruction in foreign languages. At twenty-seven he was placed at the head of a military school. The next year he began the work of his life: the study of military topography and grand tactics.

In 1835 the Sultan Mahmoud II. asked Prussia to send some of her officers to aid him in a military reorganization of Turkey on an European model. Captain Moltke was among the first who were sent. He entered upon this work with all the intense energy of his nature, altering and rebuilding fortifications, introducing new weapons and methods, and making changes in the discipline of the army. But such a spirit was out of place among these indolent semi-barbarians. He labored throughout four years to transplant into the Turkish army modern military ideas; but it was a futile work, and he was finally compelled to exclaim, "The kingdom is rotten!" The letters which Moltke wrote to his sister during this time were so rife with minute and excellent descriptions of what he saw and thought that they were later given to the public in book form, and are now of great interest and historical value.

Sent to Rome in 1845 as an adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia, Moltke used this sinecure as a professional opportunity. He made elaborate military maps and studies of Rome and its environs. When, after a short residence at Rome, the Prince died, Moltke returned home by way of Spain, in order to give special attention to its military condition.

Owing to his superior qualities as an officer and his thorough knowledge of the languages of Europe, Moltke was in 1855 chosen travelling companion to the then young Prince Frederick, the late Emperor. They visited England, France, and Russia. On all his travels Moltke was a most assiduous letter-writer. Everything seemed to interest him, and his descriptions show real literary skill. The letters written in 1856 from Moscow, whither he and Frederick had gone to attend the coronation of Alexander II., were especially spirited and graphic, and they have been printed in several languages. It seems all but incredible that this meditative and apparently cold and severe General is the author of these graceful and often poetical descriptions of sparkling brooks, of the coronation ceremonies and costumes, of palaces and cities, of the singing of nuns, of princes, rights of inheritance, and of the life of the Russian soldier.

During more than three decades Moltke had been making quiet but steady progress in his profession. The reign of Frederick William IV. was unfavorable for military men. He had yielded to the demands for more liberal government not because he was in sympathy with the Liberals, but because he had not the energy to withstand them. The army had become disintegrated and spiritless while Frederick William was dabbling in religion and philosophy, and chatting with artists and *littérateurs*. But his nephew, the heir-apparent, William, was made of sterner stuff; he was a "blood and iron" Hohenzollern. When, in 1858, the King, through brain trouble, became incompetent, and William was made Regent, a new policy was announced. Church, philosophy, sentiment, must go to the rear, and the army to the front; Prussia must cease to follow, and prepare to lead.

It was William's greatest merit, and it will be his lasting glory, that he knew where to find the men whom he needed, and having found them, understood them perfectly. To reorganize the army he chose Von Roon, who had long been reflecting that, aside from such military machinery as Scharnhorst and Gneisenau had created, and besides the unquenchable fire of old Blücher, there must also be an ardent *esprit du corps* among the soldiers if Prussia was to repeat the successes of the War of Liberation. Von Roon became Minister of War, and went at his task. William wanted a vigorous foreign policy, and some one to maintain it who could, if need be, fairly club its home enemies into submission. He selected a *Junker* named Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen, whose most conspicuous trait was a violent temper. The father-land is still applauding the wisdom of that choice. But when army and diplomacy were ready, who, standing apart like a god, should plan the marches, the strategies, the grand attacks, and point the way to victory? There was found a lean, silent, almost sad man, deep in meditation, with sixty winters registered on his wrinkled face. In him William saw the great Field-marshal of the future.

Moltke's system was the easiest possible to describe and the hardest possible to master; it was to know everything about a campaign before war was even declared; it was the science of accurate guessing, and the using those guesses as if they were secret messages from the god of battle. Moltke was probably the only man who ever thoroughly knew the military topography of all Europe. After the maps of any prospective campaign were elaborated and tested, Moltke bent over them week after week—nay, year after year—and with his marvellous foresight he *thought out how to win*, as if by inspiration. There was no "star" in his warfare. His motto was: *Erst wägen, dann wagen*, or, first know the ground, then dash ahead, as his practice was. To confuse the enemy, he generally divided his army on the march, but quickly brought it together again in an engagement.

Moltke's first plan of campaign was drawn up in 1859, when it was expected that Prussia would aid Austria in the war with France and Italy. But peace was made without Prussia's assistance. He only shared in planning the campaign against Denmark in 1864. Shortly after peace at the north, it was foreseen that there must soon be a war with Austria. In preparing for this campaign other officers were at first more conspicuous than Moltke, but finally the others withdrew and left the task wholly to him. William accepted Moltke's completed work without an alteration. Before the war began, Moltke was entirely ready. The crushing defeat of Austria at Sadowa depended only upon the strict following of Moltke's chart by the Prussian Generals. As it was, notwithstanding a tardy General, it was only a short march from Sadowa to final victory. Prussia was grateful; Moltke received $150,000.

But victory at the north and victory at the south only made a war with France all the more certain. Napoleon's grand mockery of government went gayly on. French vanity was nursed, and the army left without thorough organization. While Bismarck deceived Napoleon and cultivated friendships with the German and other important European states, Moltke had but one thought: how to place the most effective force on the Rhine in the shortest time, and then march on to Paris. He improved every opportunity to visit France and secretly verify his maps. The Exposition of 1867 gave him a chance to study Paris and its surroundings. It is said that when, late at night, the first news of a declaration of war was finally brought to Moltke, he quietly replied: "Very well; the third portfolio on the left," and continued his night's sleep. In six weeks the sun went down on Sedan, and France's last chance of victory went down with it. He believed in doing his work thoroughly and for all time, and was not content when the Emperor was captured, the army destroyed, and a humiliating peace dictated; but favored so weakening France as to render her harmless in the future.

After the war he was made Count and Field-marshal. Although long a member of the Reichstag and one of its most striking figures, he was wise enough to remember that others were better able to speak on all save military questions. The writer remembers how Moltke listened to Bismarck's great plea for a brandy monopoly, in March, 1886. He sat among the Conservatives, just in front of the rostrum from which the Imperial Chancellor spoke. He wore a plain and loosely fitting uniform bound in red, with yellow epaulets. His head was bent slightly forward, his eyes were closed, and his hands tucked into opposite coat sleeves, so that neither hands nor cuffs could be seen; but he was not asleep. A little later he walked about. He was tall and as erect as a young Lieutenant. His hair was still thick and of a sandy gray color. Although his beardless face was thin and wrinkled, one would not have guessed that he was more than seventy.

In his early manhood Moltke was called "The Silent Dane," and later he was popularly known as "The Great Taciturn"; yet he could speak seven languages fluently. Although one of the world's profoundest and sternest soldiers, he was one of the most modest and affectionate of men. Occasionally one might see him in Berlin driving in a plain cab, or sauntering along a principal street looking in at the shop-windows, but few recognized him. He was as regular as the sun in his daily tasks; and even in the lighter employments of his long life he was ever painstaking and methodical. Out of these traits grew, withal, his fine literary ability, that, besides his published letters, produced several valuable military histories.

The crowning honor of his life was the way Germany celebrated the completion of his ninetieth year. From the Baltic to the Alps, from the Vosges to the Vistula, every household joined in the great jubilee, hung out the national colors and likenesses of Moltke in flags and torches. Berlin was decorated and enthusiastic as it had never before been for any private citizen. Germans throughout the world set apart October 26, 1890, as a fête-day for the *Vaterland*, and a day of praises and congratulations for her greatest soldier. The grim old Field-marshal was taciturn almost by necessity, being nearly smothered by honors and rich presents; but when the city fathers of Berlin sent him their greetings, accompanied by the sum of fifty thousand marks as a charity fund for the relief of the aged and infirm, he replied, "Gentlemen, say to your Council that this gift touches my heart, and that of the many and rich presents I have received to-day, this is the most valued." When since the death of Washington has the world seen a more modest, complete, successful, and noble life?

THE GERMAN GENERALS.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

It seemed but the other day that I saw General Field-Marshal von Moltke start for the seat of war in 1870, at a time when most generals are long ago on half-pay. And in a few short weeks I saw him once more in the German capital, this time at the head of a victorious army, amidst the deafening hurrahs of a people drunk with the happiness of having saved their father-land from the hands of a hereditary enemy.

In the days following the great war, Moltke's figure was a familiar one as he walked to and fro from his house to the office of the general staff. His face wore always an expression of thought, but never of worry. He never failed to salute with grave courtesy the school-boys, such as myself, who delighted to waylay the old gentleman for the sake of bragging afterward that we had received a smile from the silent strategist.

As a historical figure Moltke has always seemed old, but until two years ago, when he resigned his position as chief of the general staff, no one realized that he could ever get any older. He was always the centre of attraction at the grand manœuvres, and, like his old friend, the late Emperor William, seemed destined to keep on living to an indefinite age.

At last, however, Moltke could no longer mount his horse, and only then did he beg to be allowed to retire from the active work of war.

One summer, at the great military and naval operations on the Baltic, near the Danish frontier, I had many opportunities of noting his remarkable vigor, for although unable to mount his horse, he was the Emperor's guest on the yacht *Hohenzollern*, enjoyed the sea life heartily, and when it came to moving about on shore, looked so well in the Emperor's carriage that few would think from his appearance that he was soon to celebrate his ninetieth birthday.

Field-Marshal Blumenthal still mounts, but not with the greatest ease, although ten years younger than Moltke. He likes to have a chair when mounting, and will soon have to go about in a carriage and retire from active affairs. He is most simple in his tastes, and, above all, dislikes to have any one make a fuss about him. This summer he was, like Moltke, guest at the manœuvres, and followed every detail as enthusiastically as though fighting his old battles over again. And there was some point to this, for the scene of the operations of this year, about the Danish frontier, is that over which was the bloodiest fighting in 1864, when Blumenthal commanded.

One morning of this summer—it was still dark—we were on our way to the scene of the day's fighting—it must have been about four o'clock—I found myself close to the field-marshal, near the pilot-house of the little yacht that carried the imperial guests every day from head-quarters. The old gentleman turned to me in a half-contemplative, half-quizzical manner, and said, very slowly: "We did some hard fighting here about twenty-six years ago; I commanded then, you know. I fought then with balls and bayonets. To-day they make me fight with a knife and fork!" Then, after a pause: "I think the old way suits me better." He spoke to me with much admiration of the leaders of our civil war, particularly Sheridan and Stuart, whose careers appear to be familiar to most German officers I meet.

The late Minister of War Verdy is regarded to-day as the best theoretical soldier in Germany, particularly through his writings. He retires from the War Ministry, but by no means from active military life, as he is a comparatively young man. He looks much like Santa Claus, is the soul of good-humor, and the life of every party. He is too fat to be a graceful warrior, and for that matter Moltke was very fond of telling stories at Verdy's expense, particularly such as reflect his fat friend's difficulty in keeping in the saddle. Verdy is particularly popular amongst the younger officers because of his genial accessibility, and for that matter loves society and its good things far more than the severe code of the Germany army wholly approves of. He is also very independent in the choice of his friends, and has not taken, perhaps, quite enough pains to avoid the jealousy of his colleagues.

Count Waldersee is a very different man, looks more like a shrewd diplomatist than a cavalry general, and impresses one as being a courtier first and a soldier afterward. He has been famous of late years because his wife, an American lady, opened her house to a missionary gathering at which the present Emperor, then Prince of Prussia, was present. The meeting was addressed by a clergyman named Stöcker, a man whose intolerance has earned him the name of the "Jew-baiter"; and those who disliked Stöcker naturally seized this opportunity to protest against any one seeking to inveigle their prince into a society whose leading speaker breathed anything but the spirit of Christianity.

The Emperor is the head of all his generals, nominally at least. He has never seen a battle yet, but those who know what produces war think he will soon receive his baptism of fire. He is young, but of singular energy, good sense, professional knowledge, and coolness. He selects good assistants, and his officers are one in believing that the qualities he now shows are such as to promise him a worthy place in the line of Germany's generals.

Caprivi made his reputation as a general of ability long before the crisis happened which called him to the head of the State Department. Last year I saw him for the first time since the Franco-German war, commanding an army corps at the grand manœuvres near Hanover. His manner is characteristic of a great man as well as a good soldier—simple, direct, courteous, and, where possible, conciliatory. His face is curiously like that of the great Chancellor whom he succeeds, but has in it far more of the human and engaging; less bull-doggy, though no less plucky. To include the Prime Minister in a list of the country's generals would appear odd in England or with us, but in Germany the situation has nothing eccentric in it. Bismarck, to be sure, never held an active command, but all through his life as a civilian official he manifested a far greater desire to appear in the livery of war than to rest his fame on his achievements in the cabinet. Caprivi may or may not prove greater as a general than a minister of state, but in the event of the next war, no surprise need be felt if we read his name gazetted as commander of a mobilized army marching toward St. Petersburg.

The great cavalry general of the next campaign cannot be to-day definitely fixed, any more than it would have been possible to say in 1860 what great powers lay concealed in Phil Sheridan or Jeb Stuart; but amongst German officers it is generally felt that the most important cavalry command will be intrusted to Lieutenant-General von Krosigk, partly because of the masterly way in which during the last three imperial manœuvres he has handled large cavalry masses of from 5000 to 10,000 sabres. Last September, at Liegnitz, on the Russian border, I was so fortunate as to be present in the midst of a brilliant attack of his upon the cavalry division of General von der Planitz, a general standing very high also as a cavalry chief. Planitz was drawn up in the hollow between two gentle slopes such as one sees on our plains, in the front of his centre being a grove of birch. He had, as he supposed, taken full precaution against a surprise, and was comfortably making some final dispositions while waiting news of the enemy, when, to his utter amazement, the head of Krosigk's column appeared around the edge of the wood. He thought it must be a reconnoitring party, but was quickly disabused, for it proved to be the head of the mass of cavalry commanded by his rival. Quicker than it takes to write it, the enemy dashed upon the right wing of the discomfited Planitz; with sabres swinging and loud shouts, it swept round upon his rear before Planitz could give an order to face about, cut through his centre from the rear, then formed again when they had emerged on the other side, and charged once more upon the whole line. In actual war Planitz would have been utterly destroyed, but here the umpires promptly decided the victory for Krosigk, and ordered the Planitz division to remain out of action for at least an hour and a quarter.

In such a sketch as this I have indicated such men as Germany to-day regards as her most approved warriors, but they are for the most part well on in life, and if the war does not come soon, they will be too old to give their country the benefit of the vast military experience they have been enabled to store up. They will then give way to new and younger men, as old Winfield Scott, the hero of the Mexican war, made room for the Shermans, McClellans, and Sheridans of a later generation.

TO A SEA-VOYAGER.

The star that low on the horizon gleams
May be the star that for the sailor shines,
That lights thy pathway with its golden beams,
Touching with magic fire the ship's dark lines.
Mingling with sea-spray till each small drop throws
A dazzling point. Wrapping in mystery
The gray sea-fog which, as the night wind blows,
Moves restlessly across the stretch of sea.

On either side the waste of water lies
Enfolding thee. The land shuts out my sight;
But that bright star within the eastern skies
Sends downward to us both a ray of light.
The distance fades; love covers endless space;
Thought speeds on wings across the golden track;
Two gleaming pathways through the night we trace;
Our souls have met, and brought the answer back.

Flavel Scott Mines.

THE ARMY ROLL OF HONOR.

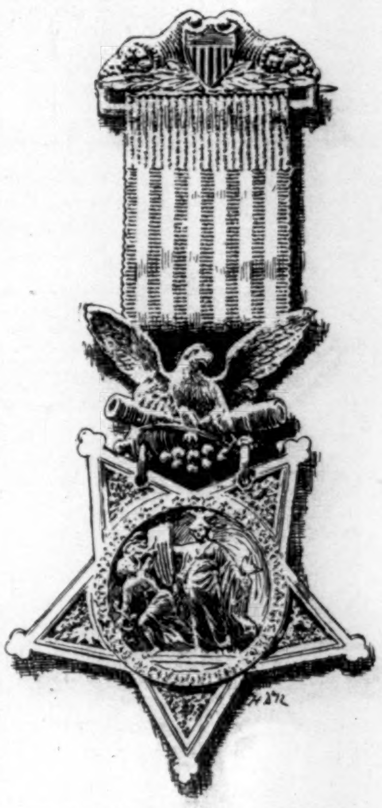
The General Orders just issued from Army Head-quarters give the names of those in the service who have distinguished themselves for meritorious acts during the years 1886 and 1887. The medal of honor has also been given to several of those mentioned.

It is sad to know that the first in this list of heroes—Captain Emmet Crawford, of the Third Cavalry—passed, nearly six years ago, beyond the reach of mortal honors and rewards; sadder still to learn that his valuable life, though he died like a soldier on the field of battle, was wasted, flung away, through no fault of his own, in one of those lamentable errors which are inevitable in warfare. He had been detached from the command of General Crook during his campaign against Geronimo, and at the head of an expedition had hunted that infamous Apache chieftain beyond the bounds of the republic of Mexico. There, after he had successfully attacked the enemy's camp upon the Aros River, he was set upon by the Mexican state troops, who declared subsequently that they believed his troop of Indian scouts to be the hostile Apaches. While striving his utmost to put an end to the useless and mistaken bloodshed, the would-be peacemaker fell mortally wounded. The loss to the expedition was inestimable, and, in addition to the pitiableness of such an ending to a gallant career and victorious enterprise, might have resulted in still more wide-spread disaster had it not been for First Lieutenant Marion P. Maus, of the First Infantry, who, as captain, still happily survives to read his name in the second place on the roll of honor, in recognition of his courage in leading the scouts before the unlucky encounter with the Mexicans, and in especial "for the marked skill and ability with which, after the death of its commanding officer, he conducted the expedition back to the United States"—no petty undertaking when all the difficulties to be surmounted and dangers to be avoided are considered.

The same campaign served as a stepping-stone to honor for several other brave soldiers. Captain Thomas C. Lebo earned it in a battle which took place on May 3, 1886, among the mountains of Penito, whither he had driven Geronimo and his band with that intention, in which he displayed "good judgment, promptness, energy, and gallantry"; while Lieutenant Powhatan N. Clarke gained the medal of honor as well as his place upon the roll by carrying a wounded comrade from under heavy fire into security. On May 15th Captain Hatfield triumphantly attacked Geronimo, capturing most of his supplies and horses, and in the evening of the same day, though entangled in the labyrinth of a deep cañon, repulsed a vigorous counter-assault, when Sergeant Adams, at the price of a severe wound, carried an injured private under shelter, only to find that a rifle ball had fatally wounded the sufferer on the way. Yet another non-commissioned officer, First Sergeant Craig, distinguished himself in the same action, and won the medal of honor and mention on the present list.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Inspector-General Lawton, captain in the Fourth Cavalry at the time of the campaign, Assistant Surgeon Wood, Lieutenant A. L. Smith, Lieutenant Gatewood, Lieutenant Walsh, and Lieutenant Lloyd M. Brett also won their well-earned laurels in the course of it, the last for a truly magnificent march through the fierce summer weather of twenty-six unbroken hours, during eighteen of which the troops were absolutely waterless. Another forced march is credited to Captain Cooper, of the Tenth Cavalry, whereby Chief Magnus and his insurgents were brought to bay and captured. Captain Upham is praised for bravery against the Crow Indians, and Captains Lawton and Wint, and Lieutenants C. P. Johnson and J. B. Hughes for the capture of the San Carlos renegades in '87.

The saving of life as well as the taking of it, the prevention of hostilities as well as the conduct of them, meet also with due reward. Captain F. A. Edwards and Trumpeter Reynolds are mentioned as saving the life of a drowning companion at the peril of their own, and Private Manning wears in addition a medal for the same effort combined with an unfortunately futile attempt to save his captain from a similar fate. Lieutenant G. R. Burnett has the enviable record of preventing by his courage and presence of mind a conflict between the Colorado militia and the Utes at White River. Major Bernard put down a serious disturbance at Laredo, and Private Corp secured fame by the firmness with which he thwarted intending trespassers upon the Cherokee outlet.



THE VICTORIA CROSS OF THE UNITED STATES.

This bronze medal of honor, cast from captured cannon, is the only decoration conferred upon the soldiers of the army of the United States. Prior to its authorization by Congress, there had been some recognition by badge of gallantry in the service, but it was long before the war of the rebellion. Washington, in General Orders, permitted the soldiers of the Revolution who had distinguished themselves by long and meritorious service to wear "a narrow piece of white cloth, angular in form," upon the sleeve of the coat, and those who performed meritorious single acts were permitted to wear "a heart in purple cloth or silk, edged with narrow lace or binding," and he pronounced scathing words of rebuke against any persons who should venture to wear either of these decorations without authority or right. It was not until July 12, 1862, that Congress authorized a medal of honor. At that time, by joint resolution, the President was authorized to cause two thousand "medals of honor" to be prepared and presented, in the name of Congress, to non-commissioned officers and privates "as shall most distinguish themselves in action and other soldier-like qualities during the present insurrection." Ten thousand dollars were appropriated to carry the resolution into effect. By the act of March 3, 1863, making appropriations for the sundry civil expenses of the government, twenty thousand dollars were appropriated to supply additional medals from the die prepared under the resolution of July 12, 1862, to be presented to officers as well as non-commissioned officers and privates "as have most distinguished or who may hereafter most distinguish themselves in action." Under that act and the one passed in 1862 about fifteen hundred medals have been awarded. A record is kept in the War Department of the names of persons to whom medals are issued; but it is not consolidated, nor are the books in such shape that the entire number can be stated without much labor. In 1886, when an account was made out of the medals issued, it appeared that 1331 had been awarded, of which number 865 had been issued January 24, 1865, one to each member of the Twenty-seventh Maine Infantry, for "volunteering to remain in service and participate in the battle (Gettysburg), his term of service having expired." Each of the 29 men who served as escort to the body of President Lincoln from Washington to Springfield were, by order of Secretary Stanton, decorated with the medal. They were all attached to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and were supposed to have rendered meritorious service before that duty devolved upon them. Of the remaining 437 medals mentioned in the department report of 1886, 114 were given to New York soldiers for special acts of merit. The award to the Maine regiment has been criticised as an invidious distinction, and as having cheapened the decoration in the estimation of soldiers who knew of many instances of like merit. Recently, however, great care has been exercised in awarding this decoration. The history of each person for whom application is made is scrutinized, and the medal is not awarded until it appears that it has been won by distinction in action. The fact that there remain in the department eight thousand of the medals is regarded as an indication not of indifference by those who could establish a claim to them, but of ignorance of the facts necessary to enable those entitled to them to secure them. The medal must be applied for in the cases of soldiers of the rebellion by themselves or their friends, or be issued upon the recommendation of an officer in command at the time a soldier distinguished himself sufficiently to be mentioned in orders, and so entitled to wear the medal. Some of the recent issues were very tardy awards. On March 3d Captain Martin T. McMahon, now Brevet Major-General and a member of the New York Assembly, received a medal for distinguished gallantry at the battle of White Oak Swamp, June 30, 1862. February 25th Corporal John H. Moffitt, Company C, Sixteenth New York Volunteers, received one for special gallantry at Gaines Mill, the medal coming to him just as he was finishing his term as a member of Congress. There are many instances of this sort, and they are likely to multiply.

Meritorious mention does not always carry the medal. There are recent instances to suggest that like service does not always bring like rewards, for in the latest order, in which one soldier gets the medal for saving another soldier from drowning, another soldier for rescuing a comrade from drowning is only mentioned in orders. The difference in treatment is attributed to the disposition of the respective commanding officers, each being unaware of the action of the other. The engraving on the medals is made at the expense of the War Department, and in each case specifies the action in which the decoration was won. Some of the earlier medals issued did not so specify the meritorious action, and the department is occasionally asked to issue new medals with appropriate inscriptions. The medal was issued to those persons recently mentioned in General Orders who were recommended to be decorated as well as honored by special mention.

MR. CHASE AND CENTRAL PARK.

Sheltering themselves under the convenient saying that art has no country, our painters either remain abroad and paint Europe, or return to their own land and paint Europe still. Painters, sculptors, architects, are angry when this matter is presented to them, and invoke the right of the individual to express himself in any manner he pleases. They have been known to become denunciatory if the point is pressed that they bring back with them from Paris an atmosphere, a landscape, certain tricks of pose and motion for the human figure, which are rarely if ever found in our landscape and among our people. If this objection has no valid ground, artists can afford to ignore it; while the fact that they are sensitive points to the truth of a charge which can scarcely be denied in a large majority of cases, and in others is not denied at all, but defended. The latter course is not only the more candid, but the wiser. Acknowledge that you find nothing in America worth painting, and it becomes your duty to seek inspiration beyond seas. But do not attempt to paint America through French spectacles, and do not give yourself out for a master, while on every canvas you show that you are merely one of a number of clever pupils turned out by some foreigner whose brains and heart are all his own!

The painter whose likeness appears this week has made an honorable record for himself in Europe and America. Members of the Union League Club can still enjoy his three-quarter-length of a young girl, called "Ready for a Ride," which was among the first of his canvases to attract attention. The Munich touch was still apparent, notwithstanding his studies in Paris, but the spirit and fineness of handiwork made the picture distinctive. Mr. William M. Chase was then an ardent *nouveau* in the Society of American Artists, of which he has since become President. He expressed in his impetuous way the dislike which many young artists felt for the sanction given to wretched art by the National Academy of Design; probably no member of the Society of American Artists has done more than he to shake the Academy out of its somnolent methods, and cause it to approach the sphere of usefulness which naturally should be its own. Yet to-day Mr. Chase himself puts N.A. after his name. He is in annual danger of being classed by the young impatient impressionists among the old fogies, because he does not see things in gamboge and purple, just as, a few years ago, he derided the Academician for failing to see things in French grays and Munich browns and greens.

Portrait, genre, landscape; oils, water-colors, pastels—nothing comes amiss to Mr. Chase's deft fingers. He has done some very distinguished work in portraits. At the National Academy's Exhibition now open his likeness of Mr. Whittredge is excellent. The collection of his own work recently dispersed at auction contained a very remarkable variety of canvases, in which the pieces of still-life were so good that the ability of the painter to make a name for himself in that one specialty was evident. There were nudes showing a fine knowledge of the anatomy of woman's figure, beautiful drawing, and an unusually good brush-work for flesh tints. There were flowers, gray marines, interiors with figures, full-length portraits of ladies impressed with the highest charm, and figures bathed in the strong light of out-doors. Many brilliant little landscapes recalled the chief parks of the two cities linked by the East River bridge. Yet the sale was anything but a financial success.

If Mr. Chase had from the beginning worked like an Academician, he would have had much plainer sailing; at the recent auction his pictures would have brought high prices. All he needed to have done was to paint hard, highly finished pictures, and repeat them indefinitely. As soon as it had been established that he could be trusted to turn out a certain brand of picture with regularity, his commercial availability would have been recognized and his circle of patrons formed and defined. But this he failed to do. Even at this late date he is liable to yield to his own whim, and paint a person, a subject, a landscape that pleases him, instead of sternly holding before his eyes the maxim "Find out what the public likes, then repeat it."

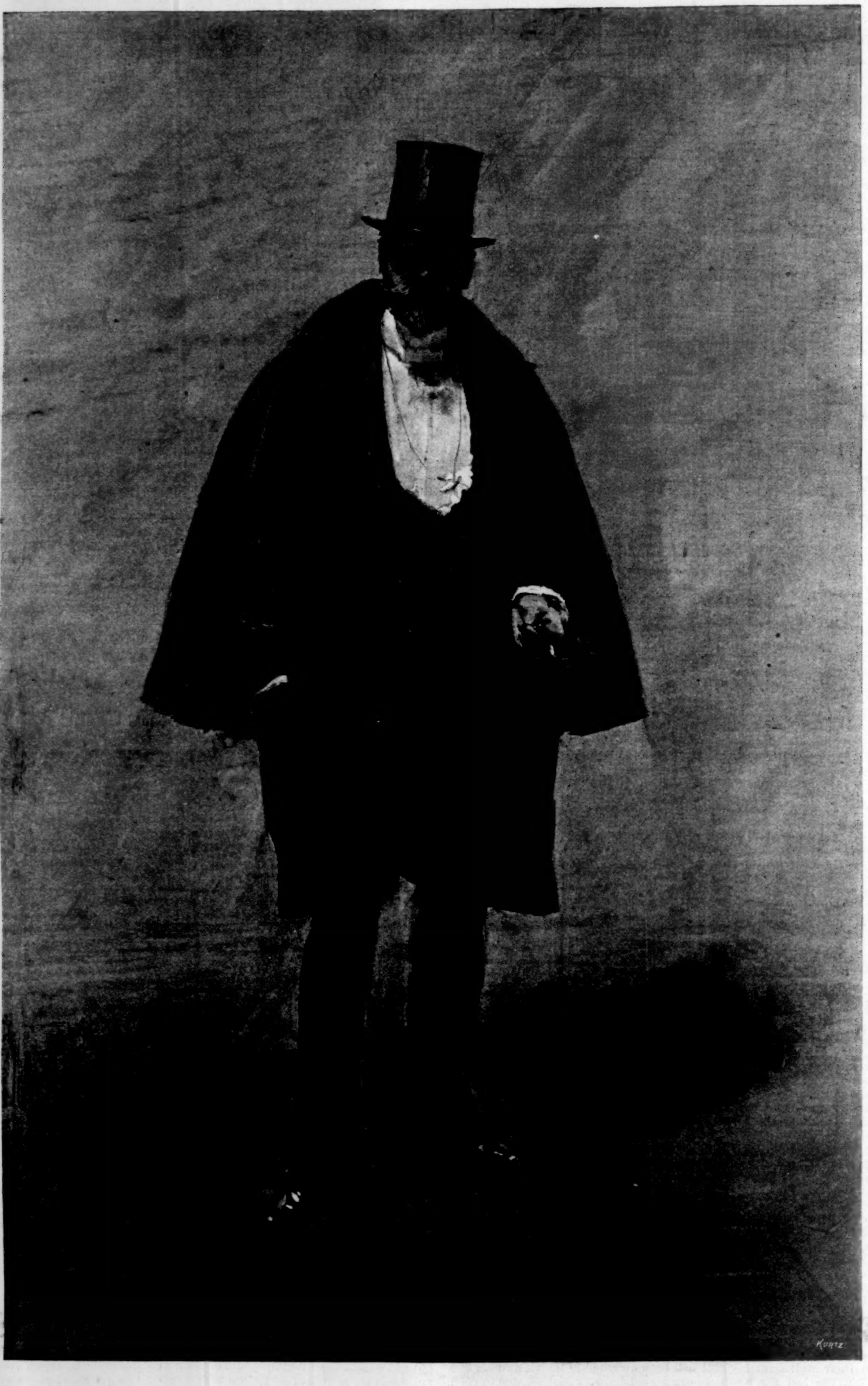
But this unwillingness on his part to make use of his remarkable deftness in order to confect so many dozen articles, all warranted to meet the public demands as to subject, colors and handling, while it loses him the market, gains him the respect of his brother artists and makes him admired by amateurs. They honor him for not adhering to a dead level of achievement, the only purpose of which is to amass wealth; but for trying, on the contrary, many subjects, using many methods and groping about in a way that betokens constant dissatisfaction with results. There are people who are affected by inner lassitude at the contemplation of the one-hundredth nude nymph by Henner, the seventy-ninth Roman scene by Alma-Tadema, the three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth floating angel by Bouguereau. What do these painters mean? Surely they are turning out a commercial article instead of a work of art when they repeat themselves with such relentless iteration!

In William M. Chase we have a painter who has slowly won away from entangling alliances with his masters in Paris and Munich until he has struck out a line for himself. Observe that of late years he has hit upon a discovery which is yet to be made by a very great proportion of the inhabitants of New York. He has discovered Central Park. Not that most New York people do not know there is such a place, and are not more or less proud of it, but comparatively few of them ever go into it, and when they go, they rarely see anything.

For there is need of much more than eyesight to see things and people. The Indian of the plains sees everything except what an artist perceives. The practical man wonders how much a piece of road in Central Park costs. The ward politician looks at the Park, and dreams of filching money from the taxpayers by the time-worn methods. But the artist sees the beauty of the Park, watches the play of sunlight on lake, tree-top, and meadow, and picks out for its unexpected charm some corner neglected by the public. The impression these things make upon him he tries to fix on canvas with such power as his native talents and the false ideas that swarm in studios permit, and by so doing performs a service to the public which has been utterly ignored hitherto. It is no less a service than pointing out to citizens not only that they have a beautiful Park, but what things in that Park are worth examining more than others. It teaches them to look at the trees, lakes, and meadows with something more than a cow's gentle but hazy satisfaction in water, grass, and sunshine. We may not necessarily see things just as the painter does, but the stimulus he gives us to examine in order to agree or disagree is an intellectual act which is a tonic for minds weary of sordid ideas.

The distinction of being the artistic interpreter of Central Park, and of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, has come to Mr. Chase very naturally, and without special forethought on his part. He has been painting in Central Park for some years, and he worked in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, until the vulgar abuse of a man who is still retained in its management forced him to leave that fine Park unexplained—not the first case connected with the fine arts which was a confession of the general failure of our municipal system. Of the four illustrations taken from many paintings of Central Park, only one includes a much-visited place. It is probable that "A Bit of the Terrace," with its little bight of lake, moored row-boats, swans, and grassy slopes, must be seen by everybody who visits Central Park. Observe how nicely placed in the picture are the figures of women and children. The other three spots are rarely troubled by any but special lovers of the Park, though "The Lake for Miniature Yachts"—the pond above Inventors' Gate, which is also called Ornamental Water—can be seen from Fifth Avenue. Indeed, the gay sight of little sails teetering, and little boys and girls rushing along the margin, can be appreciated without passing the limits of the Park.

This view is taken from the south; Fifth Avenue is just on the right, and some of the house-tops belonging to that thoroughfare peep above the trees. Mr. Chase shows the crinkled borders of the small lake and the agreeable grouping of the trees; but the cut only partially indicates the crisp, bright coloring of the original, with its figures of children, half in sunlight, half in shade, the firm green of the sward, and the sparkle of the water. "A By-path" includes one of



W. M. CHASE.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

those sections of rough rock-work which give character to many nooks and corners of the Park at the same time that they serve a useful end. Here, again, the ever-present nurse and child recall the purposes for which Central Park and many another park of New York have been established. Their proper maintenance is a matter which concerns the health of the future generation; that is the practical side; but it is also one that concerns the education of the masses; that is the side which interests us just now.

"The Nursery" is a spot seen from the cars of the Hudson River Railroad, little frequented save by those who live near East 100th Street. Here flowers are raised for subsequent transplanting to other parts of the Park; here one finds that peculiar mixture of straight lines with crooked, of orderly ranks of seedlings with frames abandoned to the wildest growth, which characterizes such places. The view is taken from the south. Just beyond the locust-trees is the winding piece of water called Harlem Lake, and on the other side of the heavy foliage in the left centre lies the old redoubt. The lady in front to the left has obtained a dispensation from the rule not to pick the flowers. These are brilliant, as are also the white of her dress and hat and the gold of the sunshine falling on hedges and trees, so that one gets from the illustration but little idea of the strong, joyous coloring of the original, which was painted in the height of the morning sunshine.

All these views were taken at a later season than the present, when June was in full leaf, and shadows were thicker and more vividly defined. Now the willows are modifying the brightness of their yellow with hints of green, and a variety of shrubs is already brave with flowers. The atmosphere is apt to be more charged with vapor and smoke than it will be later, and the mass of trees maintains that feathery look and those tones of gray and brown which belong to winter. The grass, however, tallies with the turf shown in these pictures, for it has already received its first if not its second mowing this year—or shall we call it shaving? There is more sky visible through the trees, and the shrubbery is less dense than it will be; the sparrows are rejoicing with the greatest vociferousness over the fact that they have appropriated all the nests and begun to raise families before the native birds finished their courtship; the Park is full of delicious odors of cropped grass and opening buds. The present season is worthy of record in the grayest, greenest, most azure of paints. Indeed, why should not these exquisite scenes of Central Park find their way from the artist's easel to the walls of citizens as easily as pictures of Niagara, or views taken in Lutetia Parisiorum? Few cities can boast so beautiful a park as New York.

Considering its narrowness and the way in which the reservoirs devour space, Central Park is wonderful for the impression of size and isolation from the great city which it makes. This is partly owing to its naturally broken surface, but more to the cleverness of the landscape engineer, who has managed to conceal the narrow limits of the pleasure-ground by skilful disposition of trees and shrubs, and by the direction given to roads. One might reason that among the thousands of well-to-do persons who use the Park there would be certain hundreds who would like a picture recalling this or that spot, particularly if the artist were clever and distinguished. There is hope, then, that Mr. Chase may hereafter combine a reasonable financial success with the pursuit of landscape and figure work in the way he prefers; for his pictures of Central Park, while they ought to be popular by reason of circumstances, have all the possibilities he may demand for the painting of fresh natural subjects under the changes of light and shadow out-of-doors, and for the treatment of the human figure in a bright, unhackneyed fashion.

CHARLES DE KAY.

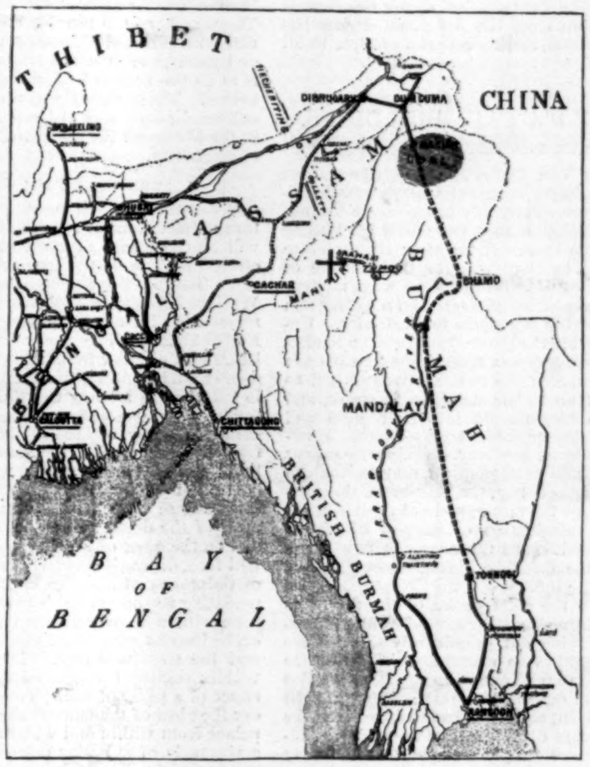
ENGLAND AND THE MANIPURI MASSACRE.

It would almost seem as if England were on the eve of one of those hard experiences which have been periodic in the history of her relations with India. A feeling of discontent seems to have taken possession of large sections of the native population, and violent outbursts of popular fury have occurred in districts so widely separated as the Black Mountain, Benares, and Manipur.

The last-named place has sprung into immediate and infamous notoriety. Our news from day to day for the last three weeks from that section of territory has been not a little contradictory; but contradictory and uncertain as it has been, it has left no doubt as to the facts that Manipur has been the scene of a most fiendish massacre, that fierce reprisals have already been taken, and that although the British troops are bravely holding their own, they are doing so against immense odds, and at very great peril.

According to latest news the trouble is not ended. The delay experienced in putting down the rebellious movement is to be explained by the fact that the nearest British station, Tamu, whence re-enforcements could be forwarded is some seventy miles distant. Add to this that the roads are bad, the country mountainous, and that it is necessary for the troops to advance with the utmost caution. It is no longer doubted that Chief Commissioner Quinton, Colonel Skene, Lieutenant Simpson, and Mr. Grimwood, who, with others, were treacherously made prisoners, have been cruelly put to death. It is also considered certain that the Senaputty, the brother of the Maharajah and of the Jobraj now in power, has also met this fate; but whether he perished in actual conflict or was killed by his own people to appease British wrath is not so clear. Lieutenant Grant, the hero of the massacre, who so nobly, with a mere handful of eighty-five Ghoorkas, captured and held Fort Thobal, has been re-enforced, and, according to the latest advices, is still holding Fort Thobal against an army of the Manipuris. The situation is rendered the more critical, and the need for skill and caution on the part of the British commander the greater, that the Manipuris are believed to have some sixty-two prisoners in their possession. There is but the dimmest hope that among these may be Commissioner Quinton and the others who are said to have been murdered. It is probable that within a few days we shall know the worst. Although these outbursts are not encouraging to those who hope for the continuance of British rule in India, there is but small reason to doubt that the difficulty will be ended, and that, as usual, swift vengeance will be meted out to the Manipuri leaders.

If the reader will look at the map of Asia he will find that Manipur is a small state, and that it lies to the northeast of British India, in the heart of a high, mountainous region, with the Assam Valley on the north, Upper Burmah on the east and south, and the Cachar district on the west. The country covers an area of about 8000 square miles. The population has been estimated as high as 221,000; but it is doubtful whether this is not too high a figure. They are a rude and barbarous people, and the hill tribes on every side of them being of the same character, petty warfare of a savage and revolting kind was formerly of common occurrence. The hills are densely wooded. India-rubber, the tea plant, and teak are found in abundance. The soil in many parts is rich but undeveloped, while coal, iron, and gold are not wanting. England began to have relations with Manipur at the time of the first Burmese war, and since that time British officials have been helpful in maintaining the legitimate government in authority and in the maintenance of peace. A British Resident has long been stationed at the capital. This person has latterly been under the control of the Chief Commissioner of Assam.



THE MANIPUR DISTRICT IN INDIA: THE CROSS MARKS THE PLACE WHERE THE MASSACRE OCCURRED.

Since 1877 the British have had frequent cause to interfere for the purposes above indicated. Hitherto, however, they have made no attempt to deprive the native rulers of their sovereignty. The present trouble began with the royal family. The family consisted of four brothers, the three elder being the Maharajah, the Jobraj, and the Senaputty. The second was regarded as the heir of the Maharajah, and the third was commander-in-chief of the army. The Jobraj and the Senaputty conspired against the Maharajah, who, with his youngest brother, was compelled to seek refuge in India, where they now are awaiting developments. Carrying out the traditional policy of the British authorities, Chief Commissioner James D. Quinton proposed to recognize the *de facto* rulers, and set out for Manipur with an escort of about four hundred men of the Forty-second Ghoorkas, his object being to install the Jobraj, and to have the Senaputty, a troublesome person, sent for safe-keeping to India. It does not appear that Mr. Quinton went about his work in a sufficiently skilful manner. He made an open demand for the surrender of the commander-in-chief before he made sure that he was in a position to enforce his demand. Armed with Enfield rifles, the Manipuris were soon masters of the situation, and Quinton and his companions found themselves helpless. The Jobraj is now regent.

Such are the main features of the story of this Manipuri affair from the commencement. It remains to be seen whether, the trouble ended, the British will recall the Maharajah or annex the Manipuri territory. The Jobraj, having been implicated in the butchery, doomed.

THE RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE SEAL QUESTION.

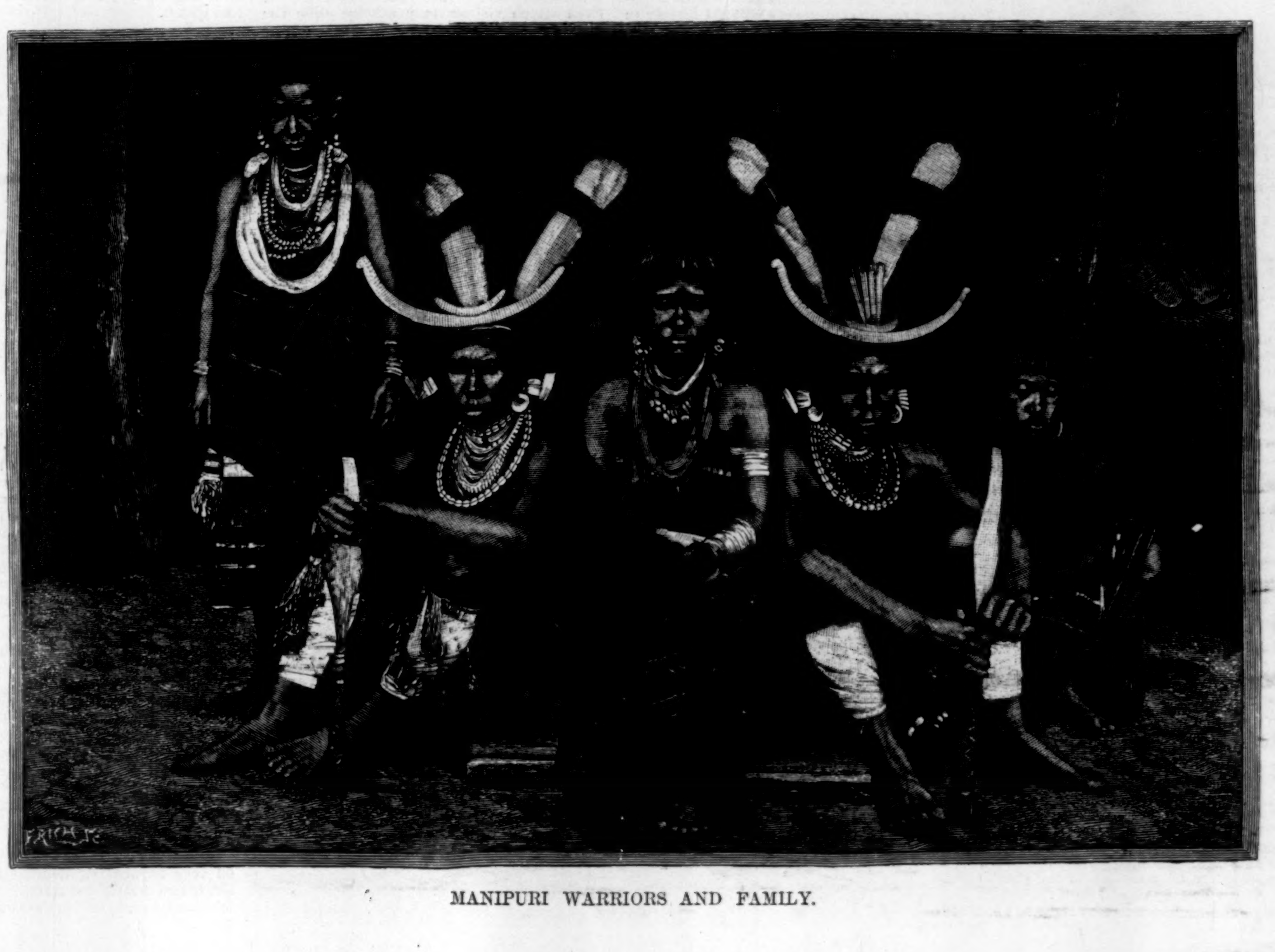
The St. Petersburg *Journal*, which is the official organ of the Russian Foreign Office, contains in its number for March (old style) a most remarkable article on the subject of the Behring Sea controversy. It is written with every appearance of authority and judicial weight, and clearly betrays its official inspirations. Notwithstanding the traditional good-will of Russia toward the United States and her hereditary animosity toward England, it will be observed that the article, which deals with the question from a stand-point of international law and of Russian history, pronounces itself opposed to the arguments of the State Department in every particular, and strongly endorses the arguments of Lord Salisbury.

[TRANSLATION.]

"The correspondence between Great Britain and the United States with regard to the fishing and sealing rights in the Behring Sea has recently been submitted to the English Parliament. The Americans put forward a claim for exclusive fishing and sealing rights over a stretch extending as far as 100 miles from the coast, and base it upon a ukase bearing the date of 1821, in which Emperor Alexander I. declared that the right of fishing and sealing in the Behring Sea was restricted to Russians. The government of the United States argues that inasmuch as it acquired by the purchase of Alaska all the rights which Russia possessed in America, it has likewise become entitled to all our former advantages and privileges in connection with the Behring Sea. England opposes this view on the ground that the modern *jus gentium*, or law of nations, does not in any way legalize the acquisition along with the purchase of Alaska, or authorize the continuance, of a privilege which, although sanctioned by a ukase of Emperor Alexander I., can only be regarded in the light of a 'usurpation' on the part of the Russian government of those days. These objections are endorsed by the London *Times*, *Standard*, and *Morning Post*.

"It is announced that the United States and Great Britain have now decided to submit the controversy to international arbitration.

"In order to be able to determine the exact extent of the imperial rights of the United States over the seas that wash the Alaskan shores, it is necessary to define the waters which can be considered as pertaining to the coast states. In addition to the tracts of water which are located within the territorial boundaries—such as, for instance, rivers, creeks, and estuaries—the coast waters, as well as the waters of almost landlocked bays, belong to the coast state. With regard to the bay waters, the boundary is generally defined by means of a straight line drawn from the point of one of the promontories to the other, everything within that line being included in the zone. With regard to the limitation of the coast waters, the most contradictory opinions prevailed until, in the eighteenth century, the famous Dutch councillor Bynkershoek put an end to all controversy by formulating the well-known axiom of, 'Dominium terræ finitur, ubi finitur armorum vis.' This was interpreted by some of the experts on international law to mean the range of heavy cannon fired from the shore, while others assume it to denote a distance of three geographical miles. The only correct interpretation, however, and the one which has



MANIPURI WARRIORS AND FAMILY.

been in late years endorsed by Harburger, Perels, and Binding, is to the effect that the zone of jurisdiction in coast waters is situated at a distance of three geographical miles (equal to one big marine mile) from shore, this being reckoned as the average range of a cannon fired seaward from the beach. This definition has been recognized and officially accepted as valid by most of the maritime nations. In the official reports of the German government on the stranding of the steam-ship *Deutschland*, and also in the preface to the imperial statutes dealing with maritime disasters, enacted at Berlin, 1877, the three-mile zone is distinctly accepted and recognized as valid. Both England and the United States have repeatedly recognized the legality of the three-mile zone in a similar manner. In the year 1793 the United States of North America officially announced that her rule, jurisdiction, and possession extended three English geographical miles, or one marine mile, out to sea. In the Anglo-American treaty of 1794 Article XXV. recognizes the three-mile zone as well as the cannon-range zone, and declares them to be identical. The Anglo-American treaty of October 20, 1818, reiterates the same clause. In the Anglo-French treaty of August 2, 1839, paragraphs 9 and 10, dealing with the fishery rights in the English Channel, again recognize the three-mile zone, identifying it with the cannon-range zone. Moreover, the English Parliament in 1878 passed a law known as the Territorial Waters Jurisdiction Act, confirming the same definition of the three-mile zone. It is clear, therefore, that the government of the United States of America has at various times officially recognized and agreed to the legality of the three-mile zone.

"The only question which, therefore, remains to be dealt with is the claim of the American government to exercise sovereign power over a tract of the open or high sea, and to monopolize the fishing rights, to the exclusion of all other nations.

"In the Middle Ages, and even as late as in the seventeenth century, the claims to exclusive ownership of portions of the ocean and of open or high seas were not unusual. The republic of Venice claimed the exclusive jurisdiction and sovereignty of the Adriatic. Genoa put forth similar pretensions to the entire Gulf of Lyons. Those of Portugal comprised the entire Indian Ocean, as well as the Atlantic south of the latitude of Morocco. Those of Spain included the whole of the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. Turkey claimed the Black Sea; Denmark and Sweden, the Baltic; and England, the waters by which it is encircled, as well as the North Sea. Since the beginning of the seventeenth century these views with regard to the high seas have undergone a gradual and at the same time radical change. One of the earliest champions for the freedom of the high seas, and for the equal rights thereto possessed by all seafaring nations, was the historian Hugo Grotius, whose book entitled *Mare Liberum* still remains one of the most important and standard works on the subject. An Englishman, John Sheldon, attempted to demolish the arguments of Grotius in a pamphlet, to which he gave the name of *Mare Clausum*. But his efforts were in vain; and at the present day all jurists and all legislators are agreed that the high seas are free, and that no one possesses the slightest exclusive right to the sovereignty or ownership of any portion thereof. When the United States government bases its claims on the ukase of 1821, it is unmindful of the fact that the modern *jus gentum*, or law of nations, distinctly denounces claims of this character as illegal, and that if Alaska had remained under Russian rule the ukase of 1821 would have become invalid and obsolete.

"It is worthy of note, moreover, that this ukase of 1821, upon which the United States government bases its claims, did not remain in force very long. For already three years later, on April 5, 1824, we find that our [the Russian] government signed a treaty or convention with the United States dealing with the rights of navigation and fishery on the northwest coast of North America. In this convention no allusion or reference of any kind is made to the rights claimed in the ukase of 1821. On the contrary, it stipulates in Article I. that "the subjects of the two signatory powers shall in no wise be debarred or prevented from navigating and fishing in any portion of the Pacific Ocean. They are also at liberty to land everywhere, and to trade with the natives.

"An absolutely identical clause will be found in Article I. of the treaty between Russia and England concerning the northwest coast of North America, which was signed on February 16, 1825. It is therefore clearly manifest that at the time of the sale of Alaska to the United States the Russian privileges for exclusive fishing in the Behring Sea, claimed under the ukase of 1821, had long before been abandoned and passed out of existence. The United States, therefore, has no justification for basing its Behring Sea claims on the alleged possession of these rights by Russia at the time of the transfer of Alaska, for we did not at the time possess any rights or privileges of this character; moreover, the pretensions of the United States in this matter are in absolute contradiction to the most elementary principle of international law. That portion of the Behring Sea which falls within the three-mile zone of the American continent is the only portion of the Pacific Ocean over which the United States possesses sovereign and exclusive fishery rights. That part of the Behring Sea which lies beyond three miles from the American dry land is *mare liberum*, and its fisheries are free to all nations."

WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS.

THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING.

WHEN Van Brunt & Howe, the Kansas City architects, undertook to design the building for the electrical display at the Columbian Exposition they were struck with one leading thought. It was this: the structure they had in hand was for the purpose of showing to the world at large what modern genius, invention, discovery, and scientific aim had done for the world in electricity. Unquestionably the greatest stride taken in electrical discovery was taken when a means was found whereby the subtle current could be gathered up in the hand, so to speak, and made to blossom out into its highest and most sunlike manifestation—Light. However intricate, however ingenious, however complex and mathematical, may be the duplex telegraph key, the telephone, the phonograph, or the motor, none of them will excite the imagination or suggest with such literal significance the advances of the age as will the dazzling incandescent globe of pure white light.

And so the chief desire of the designers was to furnish a structure admirably calculated to bring out prominently this feature of the studies in electricity. They set to work with an attention to detail, as well as to general outline, with this leading thought before them, and they have turned into the construction department of the Fair a building that will supply an opportunity for an electrical illumination never attempted even in Paris—the cradle of contrivance in artificial light, and the boldest venturer in grandeur of scale of this sort. The towers of the building, the great open portico in the avenue, the flag-staffs, the mural bays and projections and the windows, were all studied and experimented upon and redevised, in order that no chance might be overlooked.

The dimensions of the building are generous, and yet complaint has been made by the gentlemen of the department that it is altogether too small for the purpose. This complaint is just, and it is possible that the building will be enlarged. However, its dimensions, as now understood, are 766 feet in length, and 350 feet in width. The area covered by it is 211,190 feet, or 4.85 acres.

In accordance with the agreement of the architects who were assigned the designing of the buildings on the quadrangle, the order of the Italian Renaissance was followed by the gentlemen in Kansas City. But this agreement did not restrict them to any method of distribution, and the electrical building will be of singular beauty in point of mural treatment. From each corner of the structure will tower up a pavilion over which will rise a spire to the height of 169 feet. Between these and the central pavilions there will be a subordinate pavilion, with a low square dome on an open lantern. In all there will be ten spires and four domes, and it is believed by the designers that the multiplicity of these prominences will aid largely in brightening the rigidity of rectangular construction, and assist materially in clothing the building with a lightness and an airiness appropriate to its purpose.

Much study was spent in beautifying the pavilions, which will be the centres of attractiveness in the entire design. The feature of the north pavilion will be a sweeping semicircular window. Above it, or 102 feet higher than the ground grade, is designed a colonnade forming an open loggia, from which an observer commands a fine view over the lagoon and the grounds generally. The eastern, western, and southern pavilions partake of the Corinthian order, and are all most imposing. The feature of the southern pavilion is its niche covered by a half dome, perhaps 78 feet in diameter and 103 feet in height. In the centre of the niche will be placed a colossal statue of Franklin, the father of electricity.

The walls exteriorly will be of staff, which can be wrought into the exact effect of marble. This will be the prevailing color, but the porticos and loggia are to be variously enriched with a generous use of colors, harmonious throughout and delicate in tone. The details of the interior will be made ornate with enriched pediments, panels, friezes, and spandrels. On the frieze in each bay is to be the name of some discoverer or inventor. These names will preserve a chronological order, and will represent chapters in the history of the evolution of the science of electricity.

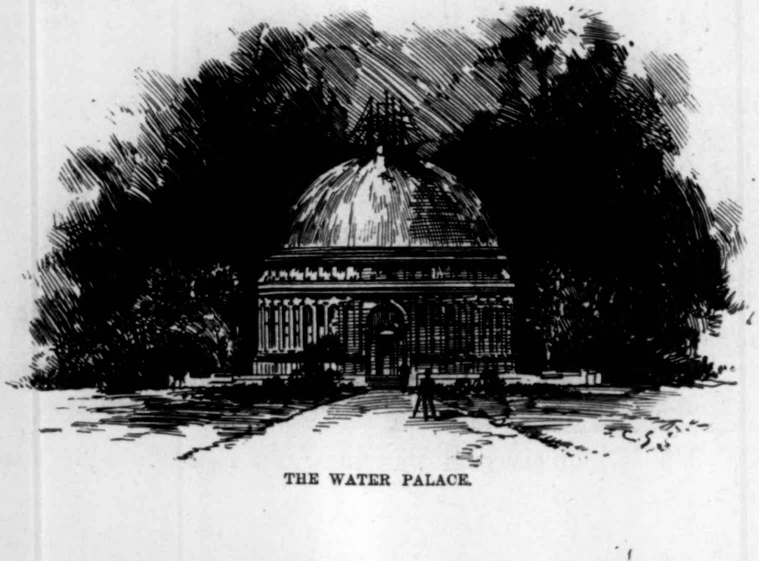
THE WATER PALACE.

Without doubt, the most spectacular feature of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago will be the palace of water, which is to be erected on one of the islands of the water site. The building has been designed by Mr. William F. Smith, whose father planned that remarkable bit of engineering, the Thames Embankment. The water palace will be based on a circular foundation 250 feet in diameter, and of nearly the same measurement in height. In looking upward from the interior centre, one will see a great transparent dome of water rushing downward over a framework of glass. The construction will be of steel lattice-work and glass, and in a horizontal section will be in shape of a hollow Maltese cross. From the centre to the apex of the dome will rise a hollow pillar, and on the apex of the hemisphere of water will face, diversely, models of the three ships of Columbus, of like size, capable of accommodating 600 observers. The supporting column will, in harmony with the other interior, be incased with tinted glass that will conceal the structural iron. The illumination within, shining through it, will render the effect of a pillar of fire. Thus at night, under the glow of the colored electric light, the palace from within and without will furnish a spectacle of splendor calculated to make the heart of a Nero throb wildly with wonder.

The hall pillars surrounding and upholding the dome will be of square latticed girders, and the entire structure will be visible to the observer within it. Between the diagonally intersecting tie rods will be glass—a trick of architecture that will give to the exterior an aspect conveying the impression that the whole building is made of that transparent substance. The galleries will form circular trusses to take the thrust of the dome, and to counteract the interior overhang, and resist deformation by wind pressure. The first gallery will be 33 feet high, and the second 100 feet. Around the base of the dome without will run a promenade, constructed to hold more than 500 people. It is the desire of the promoters of the water palace that it be used as a resort for visitors to the Exposition, and the spaces within its interior have been arranged so that many cool and refreshing retreats will be provided for those that desire to escape the heat.

The design of the building is a circular hall, surmounted by a transparent dome of water, on the summit of which ride the three ships of Columbus that first sighted the New World. In the centre of the building is the large stand-pipe, from which will gush the circular sheet of water whose cascade flows over the domed roof. Around the base of the dome is a circular parapet forming a promenade under this miniature Niagara, from which visitors may admire alike the play of the sunshine on the falling water or the extended view below. For those who may prefer a more exalted position and a still wider view there will be elevators which will carry them to the apex of the hemisphere, where *Santa Trinidad*, *La Pinta*, and *Santa Maria*, in all their old-time quaintness, will be their historic foothold. As did those who originally trod these decks, visitors to the Exposition will see around and beneath them a globe of water sparkling and rushing in the sunlight. But its sounding echoes will come not from the rocks of San Salvador, but from the iron parapets encircled by the latest achievements of American civilization. The water eddies and flows not into bays and estuaries, but down the hollow iron columns, and not idly either, but furnishing in its fall power for the elevator system, and motor strength for other works in the Exposition grounds. The water is not quiet until it reaches the base of the building, where it forms an aquarium, in which the visitor may walk through subaqueous galleries of glass among all manner of marine fauna, while high above, at the summit of the glistening hemisphere, the ships of Columbus are in free air, sighting a continent.

Access to the promenade around the base of the dome will be had by means of elevators just inside the main entrances. The external canopy over the promenade serves as a shelter, and also as a screen and reflector for the electric lights, which are to be invisible except for their light thrown on the moving water A simple mechanical arrangement will provide for an infinite variety of kaleidescopic changes in the color of the light, which would make the night aspect of the water palace an iridescent globe of supernatural beauty.



THE WATER PALACE.

THE MINING BUILDING.

One of the largest buildings of the Exposition will be that devoted to the mining and metallurgic interests of the country. The structure is the design of Architect S. S. Beman, of Chicago, whose plans have been approved and accepted by the board. The dimensions of the building are 700 by 350 feet, and its architecture is in the order of the stately French Renaissance. At each corner will rise prettily designed pavilions, near which the walls will be from eighty to ninety feet high, while their height elsewhere will be about sixty feet. The pavilions at the northern and southern ends will be 38 feet wide and 110 feet high. No subdivisions have been made of the space within the interior of the building. A great gallery has been designed, however, that will be 60 feet in width, and will extend along the entire length and breadth of the hall, reached by stair flights just inside the entrances. The material used in its construction will be of iron, wood, and staff. The appropriation allotted to the mines building is rather low—$350,000—when compared with the outlay on the other departments.

AMATEVR·SPORT

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS ago M. De Kempelen astonished Europe with his automaton chess-player. Fifteen years later, after humbugging hosts of the brightest players on the Continent, he sold the secret to a crowned head for a good round sum. When Frederick was shown the concealed player, he was so disgusted that he caused the mechanical figure to be thrown into an old lumber-room; but in the next generation the deceit was again revived, sold, and swallowed. So it has been with athletic reforms. Every time the old automaton of law-making which shall run itself in purity has been foisted upon the public, under one guise or another, we have not been long in finding peculiarities of ruling which soon discovered the concealed manipulator within. The exterior may humbug for a time, but sooner or later some one gets behind the flimsy tinsel with the lighted candle of inquiry, and finds Mr. So and-so, the well-known, pulling the strings which make the puppet move the poor little pawns hither and thither, advance the knights and the bishops, slide the castles, and steady even the king and queen.

THE GREAT DIFFERENCE and the saving grace of the automaton athletic purifier is that, unlike the chess automaton, there are always a number of innocents who assist its working without the slightest idea that it is a huge humbug. In fact, to them it is not a fraud, and it is only when they find that the pieces do not move themselves that they see they have been parties to trickery, and go home in holy horror to wash their hands. There will always be professionalism among a certain class of athletes. Money will stick to their fingers, and no number of well-regulated associations can do anything more than make them keep it as dark as possible. But why do we have deceit about it? Why are not all professionals open and avowed? Because semi-amateurism pays far better. So the goats get in among the sheep, and no one can separate them.

AND WHY CAN NO ONE separate them? Must we acknowledge ourselves so completely ensnared that it is impossible to unravel the meshes that entangle us? Or are our efforts for freedom so feeble that they but serve to entrap us the firmer? To whom must we look for deliverance? Obviously, the large athletic clubs, whose liberal patronage and thick-skinned morals have served to build up this class of masquerading professionals. It is directly chargeable to the officials of the New York Athletic Club and the Manhattan Athletic Club, be it said to their everlasting shame, that this class of "sluggers" has grown opulent at the expense of amateurism. Had these clubs not encouraged deception by their questionable dealings with them, the "sluggers" would have immediately sought their proper sphere. But they have thrived, brought disgrace to the wholesome sport of boxing, and besmirched the fair name of amateur, and these two powerful athletic clubs have helped them do it. These clubs—so their charters tell us—were organized to "encourage amateur sport." Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB reformed very recently by declaring war on this class, and voting to replace them by professionals that would fight openly for a purse.

The Manhattan Athletic Club claimed it was possible to give a boxing entertainment that would have the entries of none but *bona fide* amateurs. Much interest was therefore taken in the M.A.C. affair of the 18th; every one was on the *qui vive* to see the amateurs. The 18th came, so did the amateurs—the same old automaton, not even differently attired or attended. The affair was very stupid, and very plainly showed the impossibility of attempting further so-called amateur displays. The M.A.C. must either give up attempting boxing entertainments, or follow the example of the N.Y.A.C. in hiring professionals. In transgressing the recent ruling of the A.A.U. the Manhattan Athletic Club deserves and has the severest censure of amateurs generally. It is to be hoped the A.A.U. will pass sentence in proportion to the offence.

There is no sport that has been called upon to sustain so much calumny, is overrun by such a horde of vandals, and has withal so much to commend it. Why is it? To begin with, the mass does not understand boxing, its entire conception of the art being a slugging match, scientific, and likewise enjoyable, in proportion to the quantity of blood spilled. It has received its education from the prize-ring, in which men earn their living by their success in knocking opponents senseless. The same brute instinct that sets a couple of street urchins pummelling each other, delights in dog and cock fights, also revels in disgusting slugging matches. The public exhibitions of boxing having been more or less of this nature, it is not at all remarkable, considering the bit of savagery that lurks in mankind, that the popular notion should have grown to consider boxing tame which did not consist of slugging. It is likewise perfectly natural that with the predominating style of boxing the sport should have become monopolized by a class best known as the rag-tag-bob-tail element, which has been brought up on slugging, and takes to it as naturally as a duck to water. Those ignorant on the subject, which is equal to writing down nine out of every ten men who profess knowledge, have but two ideas of boxing—either the slugging, or the gentle pit-a-pat sparring. The latter constitutes their idea of the "scientific."

They know nothing of boxing; hard, clever, straight hitting; they derisively speak of it as being gentle, when, as a well-defined fact, a clean blow from the shoulder is much more powerful than a swing. The reason we see slugging is because the men know nothing of boxing; if they did, they would not slug, for its use is a confession of weakness. The general conception of the sport is erroneous, simply because its public exhibition has always been by this class of men, and by further reason of the fact that the morbid curiosity of the average man is fascinated by the idea of a personal encounter in which there is a possibility of a copious flow of gore. The sport has become so thoroughly impregnated with this element, that gentlemen who box naturally refrain from exhibiting their powers on the stage where they are to meet the plug-uglies of the down-town wards. There are scores of men in this city who box so well that I do not recall the name of a single slugger who in the same class would be able to hold his own.

Boxing is precisely what you make it. If you put gloves on a couple of toughs, the result will be a fight filled with slugging and gore; if gentlemen put on the gloves, there will follow a contest equally as determined, with blows probably stronger, but directed with judgment and skill, and received in like manner. The great difference between the slugger and boxer is that the former stands stolidly awaiting his opportunity to deliver a knock-out blow, actuated with but the one idea of rendering his opponent senseless, and trusting to his tough hide to withstand blows. The boxer, on the other hand, is testing his skill with a fellow-clubman; his blows are clean and strong, but he is expert enough to avoid punishment, or, if not, his opponent is judicious in its delivery. What holds good so far as boxing is concerned is equally applicable to any other sport. If foils are put into the hands of two of the same class that monopolizes public boxing, of what character will be the exhibition? If they wrestle, will not their coarse nature be evidenced?

It is not the sport but the element that pervades it which makes its character. If men put on the gloves for the sole purpose of punching one another into a state of insensibility, why put on gloves at all? The job can surely be done much quicker with the bare fists. Indeed, if the sole idea is to knock one's opponent senseless, why waste time with gloves or fists when a stout stick certainly would be much more effective? Why not take the button off your foil in fencing, and settle your adversary with the first thrust? Why not throttle your man at once in wrestling, and have done with it? It is well enough to prate of "how shall we refine amateur boxing?" The sport is all right; it's the muckers that monopolize it, and who will drag into the mire any game they take up.

The question to ask is how shall we purge amateur boxing of the class of sluggers that infests it? There are two ways to do this: firstly, by a universal rule such as the New York Athletic Club adopted a few nights ago, of confining trophies in boxing contests to medals, and limiting their value to twenty dollars; and secondly, by having judges who thoroughly understand boxing, and have the courage of their convictions. There are many glaring faults in the judging nowadays, fouls being of frequent and unnoticed occurrence. It rests almost entirely with our large clubs to work out the salvation of amateur boxing. We long ago gave up all hope of the Amateur Athletic Union doing so, it makes too much money out of its annual championships. If they are refused valuable trophies the undesirable element will be found wanting. Rid once of this class, and boxing will very soon attain the recognition in public it must now seek behind club doors.

After the failure of the New York Yacht Club to secure entries for its proposed race last season, a great hue and cry was raised in the newspapers over the "decline in yachting." Those that joined in the general wail of despair fell into the proverbial error of looking upon but one side of the shield. They grasped only the fact that there were no entries to those races, and looked no further for reasons. To assert that yachting is on the decline, or even standing still, is to fly directly in the face of incontrovertible evidence that is to be found on every side. As a matter of sober fact, the interest in yachting has grown steadily every year, to prove which, it is only necessary to reckon up the number of boats that have been built, and the increased membership of the clubs.

The alarmists failed to sound the keynote of the situation, which is, that we are at present in a transition state. Instead of yachts that answer for cruiser and racer, we find it absolutely essential, if we would cope with our clubmates, to have a racer distinctively. The days when a regatta was synonymous of a high old time down the Bay have about passed away. The racing spirit has become so keen in our yachtsmen that all energy is directed first and foremost to the business of the day. Like every other department of sport, tremendous advance has been made in the performances. The ingenuity of designers and the improved seamanship of owners and sailing-masters have all had their effect. Formerly the owners of a fair cruiser would put her in as good racing trim as possible, and enter. Gradually, with the yacht's evolution, this class of craft has lost all chance of winning, and hence we do not find them entered. This has all come about in a very few years. Last season the result was seen. All racing interest was centred in the 40-footers, a class with several new yachts. This year the 46-footers are attracting attention, next season it will probably be some other class, and so it will continue until we have modern racing yachts in every class. It will not be necessary to search for entries in a year or so.

And what of the cruisers? Is interest to be lost in this direction entirely? Certainly it was, from a racing point of view, last season, but there is small prospect of something being done this year that should send the sporting blood of yachtsmen tingling through their veins. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club has long been considering the feasibility of giving races exclusively for cruisers, and just now is sounding its members on the subject. It is desired to know how many entries can be positively counted upon before public declaration of such an event is made. There seems hardly any question as to the great benefit such an event would be to yachting generally. It takes great wealth to follow racing closely, to be at all in the swim. Year before last much interest was excited in the thirties, last year the forties, this year the forty-six footers, next year something else. Every yachtsman cannot afford to build a new boat annually, and hence many owners of good cruisers, discouraged so far as their own chances were concerned, have to a large extent lost interest generally. Yachting cannot afford to lose these men; they are the bone and sinew of the sport, and their interest must be sustained. If a majority of the yachtsmen dominates the question, the club will undoubtedly give a race for cruisers this year, and a popular one it will prove.

The most encouraging sign of the times, however, so far as yachting is concerned, is the great activity seen in the smaller classes. Particularly is interest concentrated on the new Gardner twenty-five-raters now building, one each for L. J. Boury, C. W. Wetmore, and O. G. Jennings. It is proposed in these boats to make several experiments that may be utilized later on in craft of greater dimensions. In other words, these are working models, and, better still, they are incalculably valuable training-schools. It is very safe to say that the yachtsman who begins with a large boat and becomes a first-class sailor is the exception to the rule; the size of the crew and the temptation to luxuriate work very strongly against the owners taking active part and gaining any practical knowledge of seamanship. With the small craft it is very different. On the twenty-five-raters, for instance, your crew will not be over three to four men, including yourself, and you will be called upon to lend a hand. You are drilled in the practical handling of a boat, you become a sailor, and when you own a larger yacht will be able, if you like, to take command of her. In England this class of boat has long held popular favor, and the best possible results have come from it. This year the small yacht racing season promises to be even more active there than usual, which is saying a great deal.

Mr. E. D. Morgan's new yacht will be christened the *Gloriana*.

The pony-racing season opens next Saturday at Hempstead Farm, Meadow Brook, with a card that promises some very good sport. There are six events—a 300-yard dash; a half-mile, for Maidens; a mile, for the Galloway Stakes; a mile and a half, over eight hurdles, for the Flurry Stakes; a hunters' steeple-chase, over about five miles of fair hunting country, for the Meadow Brook Cup; and a consolation race of five furlongs on the flat. The most interesting event of the afternoon will probably be the steeple-chase, for there are some rare good hunters on Long Island, and keen rivalry exists among their owners. Last year the A.P.R.A. made its initial season a most successful one, and this year it starts off in much improved condition.

If the committees of the A.P.R.A. could be induced to have none but gentlemen riders up, it is the opinion of a great many that it would obtain still greater support. But those nearest the association's management declare it is impossible to get enough gentlemen to ride. So it is with the idea now prevailing that unless he is the equal in skill of Messrs. Keene or Kernochan or L. Jacob, there is little use of his riding. The possibility of developing riders does not appear to have the consideration of the A.P.R.A., and yet there is a great deal that can be done in that direction. The *raison d'être* of the A.P.R.A. is for sport pure and simple, not to make records. If they barred professional jockeys, kept up the weights, and made an effort to get gentlemen riders, they would probably find the matter not so difficult after all. At present their ideas on jockeyship are too high. A man who can follow the hounds can readily, with a little experience, ride successfully at A.P.R.A. meetings. The spectators that go to these meetings are not drawn there to see professionals ride. Professional and amateur absolutely cannot flourish simultaneously. The first thing we know, owners will become so keen on winning and taking every possible advantage, that professional jockeys on the A.P.R.A. tracks will multiply; they will drive out the amateur, and then—well, we have seen the same thing before. The Dumblane Hunt Club at Washington sets a good example; it permits no professional riders in its club races. Its members cannot ride like several of our gentlemen jockeys here, but the meetings furnish rare good sport, and the grand stand has more spectators than turn out probably during the entire A.P.R.A. season. It must be amateur or professional. There is no intermediate course in pony-racing.

Despite the fact that the Harvard crew changed last week from the barge to the shell, the improvement in general style and watermanship is marked. Cummings has recently been working at five; Rantoul has taken poor Shaw's seat at three; and Newell, the foot-ball man, has been put in at bow. Rantoul, Powers (at four), and Cummings are, as I have before remarked, rather light men for a varsity boat; but there is this much to be said in favor of the first two: they have spent a great part of their time, since entering college, on the water, and are as well fitted as any two men of their weight in Harvard. Generally speaking, the crew work is greatly improved. The time is much better, and the oars, in consequence, are more nearly together at the catch and finish. The worst point in the stroke they are rowing at present is the recover. They do not get away quickly, and there is a bad hang at the full reach, due, in a great measure, to their trying to feather their oars too gradually, and then finding that they are not quite ready for the change when it comes.

Harvard is going to have, undoubtedly, a comparatively light eight to send against Yale, and unless they can move more quickly, they will not have the slightest chance of winning. Not that they must row forty to the minute; but if they defeat Yale, it must be in the quickness with which they can make the changes at the catch and finish. If even the smallest fraction of a second can be gained at these two points, rowing practically the same number of strokes per minute, it will count heavily in their favor. The crew has been doing very little pair-oared work. Keyes was with the men last week, but did the coaching through Adams. Watson was out with them one day. The men are now rowing: M. Newell, bow; F. Leyman, two; N. Rantoul, three; J. C. Powers, four; C. K. Cummings, five; D. R. Vail, six; G. H. Kelton, seven; T. N. Perkins, stroke. It may be interesting to college men to record the amount of work done by the Harvard crew last week: Monday, eleven miles; Tuesday (very windy), eight miles; Wednesday, nine miles; Thursday, ten miles; Friday (first time in shell), eight miles; Saturday, nine miles.

The Yale crew took a hard four-mile pull last week to test the mettle of the men. The result was very satisfactory. Hagerman did not turn a hair, while Heffelfinger was ready for more. Heffelfinger, by-the-way, has made great improvement, and will undoubtedly go to New London. Just at the moment he is putting too much muscle into his work. This is easily toned down, however. Payne continues an uncertainty, as does Crosby. The question as to whether Balliet can go back as far as he does on the recover and continue good for four miles remains unanswered. He is very strong, and might last. It will be remembered that Gill had the same fault. Simms was sick for a few days, and Gould was put at stroke; he has done so well there as to make him a candidate for the seat. As I said last week, Simms is a very good oarsman, though better adapted to follow than set the pace. He would make a great acquisition at two if Gould should prove to have the peculiar ability for stroke. Generally speaking, the men are all improving.

The college nines, especially Yale and Harvard, have shown great improvement in the past week. The former appears to be developing its raw material in a manner that denotes the blue will be very much "in it." Murphy, Case, Cushing, McClung, Kedzie, Bowers, are doing the best of the men, and showing an earnestness in the work that is very commendable. Huntington is also earnest enough, and if he overcomes his tendency to fumble, will make a strong player. The greatest improvement in Harvard's work has been in the steadier play of the men. The batting average has also gone up, Dean particularly distinguishing himself. What playing Princeton has done shows the correctness of my remarks a few weeks ago; *i.e.*, that Captain Dana would have his hands full to keep his men at the top notch of their play. The nine is sustaining now the natural result of the remarkable form shown so early in the season. The men are definitely decided upon: Young, p., Brokaw, c., Dana, 1st b., Durell, 2d b., King, 3d b., Knickerbocker, s. s., Payne, l. f., Wright, c. f., Brown, r. f., and Bergen, Drake, and Spooner, substitutes. Captain Dana had better take the advice of this column, and look out for a substitute catcher.

The Polo Association handicaps, revised April 20th, are published here for the first time. Teams and pairs whose handicaps aggregate less than their competitors will be allowed the number of goals between their own handicap and that of their competitors.

COUNTRY CLUB. (Colors: Scarlet, White Cap.)

J. C. Cooley, 0; T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., 3; E. C. Potter, 6; Marion Story, 0; F. A. Watson, 0; J. M. Waterbury, 2; H. N. Potter, 0; L. Beekman, 3; C. F. Havemeyer, 0; J. W. Gerard, Jun., 0; C. Bates, 0; C. O. Iselin, 4; N. Reynal, 0; L. Turnure, Jun., 4.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNTRY CLUB.
(Colors: White Shirt, Orange Cap.)

P. F. Collier, 3; J. Dallett, Jun., 4; Powers Farr, 6; C. A. Hecksher, 0; C. L. Knoedler, 2; C. H. Lee, 1; E. Pfizer, 3; C. Pfizer, 0; D. Robinson, 6; R. Sedgwick, 0; W. W. Tucker, 0.

HARVARD POLO CLUB.
(Colors: All Crimson, Letter H.)

L. R. Agassiz, 4; J. A. Burden, Jun., 4; C. B. Denny, 1; A. McE. Griswold, 1; C. C. Baldwin, 4; H. K. Vingut, 1; J. D. R. Baldwin, 1; J. B. Eustes, Jun., 1.

HINGHAM POLO CLUB. (Colors: Pink.)

A. H. Alden, 0; F. B. Fay, 0; George D. Clapp, 0; Frederick Cunningham, 0; Peter B. Bradley, 0; F. Guild, Jun., 0; F. B. Daniels, 0; F. D. Hussey, 0; Ross L. Coe, 0; G. D. Braman, 0.

MEADOW BROOK CLUB. (Colors: Sky Blue.)

A. Belmont, Jun., 6; O. W. Bird, 6; C. Carroll, 3; T. Hitchcock, Jun., 7; E. Roosevelt, 2; S. D. Ripley, 1; R. D. Winthrop. 5; E. L. Winthrop, Jun., 4; G. Winthrop, 0; H. V. R. Kennedy, 1; E. W. Roby, 2; R. Ives Crocker, 1; W. A. Chanler, 0; J. C. Smith, 0.

MORRIS COUNTY COUNTRY CLUB.
(Colors: Green Body, White Cap.)

George Lord Day, 2; Norm. Henderson, 1; Gustava E. Kissell, 2; William Brown Lord, 4; Benjamin Niccoll, 5; Arthur Whitney, 0; Stephen Whitney, 0; W. K. Thorn, 5.

MYOPIA POLO CLUB.
(Colors: Light Blue, White Sash and Cap.)

M. K. Abbott, 0; R. M. Appleton, 5; A. P. Gardner, 3; George Norman, 2; James Parker, 2; Frederick H. Prince, 0; Robert G. Shaw 2d, 4; John Wright, 0; Bryce J. Allen, 0; George P. Eustis, 2; George L. Meyer, 1; M. Norman, 2; Frank Seabury, 0; Frederick Warren, 1; S. E. Hopkins, 0; George L. Peabody, 3.

OYSTER BAY POLO CLUB.
(Colors: White Blouse, Red Cap.)

J. B. Van Schaick, 0; Theodore Roosevelt, 1; Francis T. Underhill, 1; Henry Von M. Meyer, 0; John A. Weeks, Jun., 0; W. E. Roosevelt, 0; Alfred Roosevelt, 0; Walter S. Tuckerman, 1; R. H. W. Furguson, 1; N. H. Thorp, 1; W. H. Coles, 0; L. C. Tuckerman, 0.

PHILADELPHIA COUNTRY CLUB.
(Colors: Black Blouse, White Cap.)

H. C. Groome, 1; H. P. McKean, 1; H. Yale Dolan, 1; P. S. P. Randolph, 0; John C. Groome, 1; F. M. Dick, 0; W. H. Hart, 0; C. E. Mather, 0; Edw. Morrell, 0; I. E. Widener, 0; H. R. Hatfield, 0; W. S. Ellis, 0.

TUXEDO POLO CLUB.

Richard Mortimer, 0; Pierre Lorillard, Jun., 3; Paul Tuckerman, 0; Herbert T. King, 0; Walker Breese Smith, 0; Amos T. French, 0; T. B. Burnham, 2; G. L. Ronalds, 0; Delancy Nicoll, 0; Wendell Goodwin, 0; W. P. Hamilton, 0; Giraud Foster, 0.

ROCKAWAY CLUB. (Colors: Dark Blue.)

M. Burrill, 1; J. E. Cowdin, 8; J. D. Cheever, 4; Farley Clark, 4; Foxhall Keene, 10; E. La Montagne, 4; R. La Montagne, 4; A. C. Tower, 4; W. Rutherfurd, 6; R. J. Franke, 4; W. Watson, Jun., 0; S. P. Hinckley, 0; H. P. Case, 0; J. S. Stevens, 5.

WESTCHESTER POLO CLUB. (Colors: Yellow.)

F. O. Beach, 3; H. R. A. Carey, 0; J. T. Davies, Jun., 1; J. L. Kernochan, 4; Moses Taylor, 1; W. H. Vanderbilt, 3; E. Zborowski, 3; W. C. Sanford, 3; J, Low Harriman, 2.

Caspar W. Whitney.

THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

In 1885 the merchants' associations known as the Boston Commercial Exchange and the Boston Produce Exchange united to form a corporation under the name of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. The new organization has been very prosperous, its success exceeding the expectations of its most sanguine promoters. In its lists are enrolled the names of the representative business men of Boston. Its membership is constantly increasing by desirable additions, and its last year's roll of 946 members will probably reach the number of 1200 this year.

The stated objects of this association are to promote just and equitable principles of trade, to establish and maintain uniformity in commercial usages, to acquire, procure, and disseminate valuable business information, to adjust controversies and misunderstandings between its members, and generally to advance the interests of trade and commerce in the city of Boston.

The influence of this Chamber of Commerce has been sought by kindred organizations in other cities, and its co-operation has aided in many projects of reform and improvement, and rendered efficient service in obtaining needed legislation, both State and national. The volume of statistical information has been enlarged and the range of marine reports extended. Its scope of influence extends to questions pertaining to commerce, to harbor improvement, and marine and railway transportation in fields remote from Boston, but connected with it by commercial ties. The president, Mr. Alden Speare, is a business man of high standing, a merchant who has been prominently connected for a long period with some of the greatest transportation enterprises in this country.

So firmly established and prosperous had the new organization become at an early period in its history that last year the construction of an edifice designed to be used as a commercial exchange was set under way by the Chamber of Commerce, and its corner-stone was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on Monday, September 29, 1890.

The site of the proposed building, which will be one of the finest structures devoted to a similar purpose in America, is near the water-side, at the corner of that great commercial thoroughfare India Street and Central Wharf. The lot upon which it stands, containing 11,550 square feet, is a gift to the Chamber of Commerce by the Hon. H. M. Whitney, president of the Boston West-End Street-Railway Company. The architects of the edifice are Messrs. Shepley, Rutan, & Coolidge, of Boston.

The structure now rising is situated within two minutes' walk of State Street, the financial centre of New England. It is in close proximity to the Custom-house, to the Post-office, to the largest and finest mercantile block in Boston, and to the wharves and warehouses of the important lines of transportation that ply between Boston and other domestic ports.

The general style of architecture of this edifice is Romanesque. To conform to the limitations of its site, the building is irregular in plan, but is shapely and convenient. The material of its walls is granite of a light pink tint. Its corner at the junction of India Street and Central Wharf, rounded into a large circle of forty feet radius, is carried up as a large tower, topped by a lofty conical roof, surrounded by high dormer-windows. The other corner on India Street is similarly rounded into a smaller tower. The building is to be seven stories high. The height of the cornice line from the sidewalk will be 95 feet, and the height from the sidewalk to the extreme top of the conical roof 170 feet. The exterior outlines are agreeably broken in elevation.

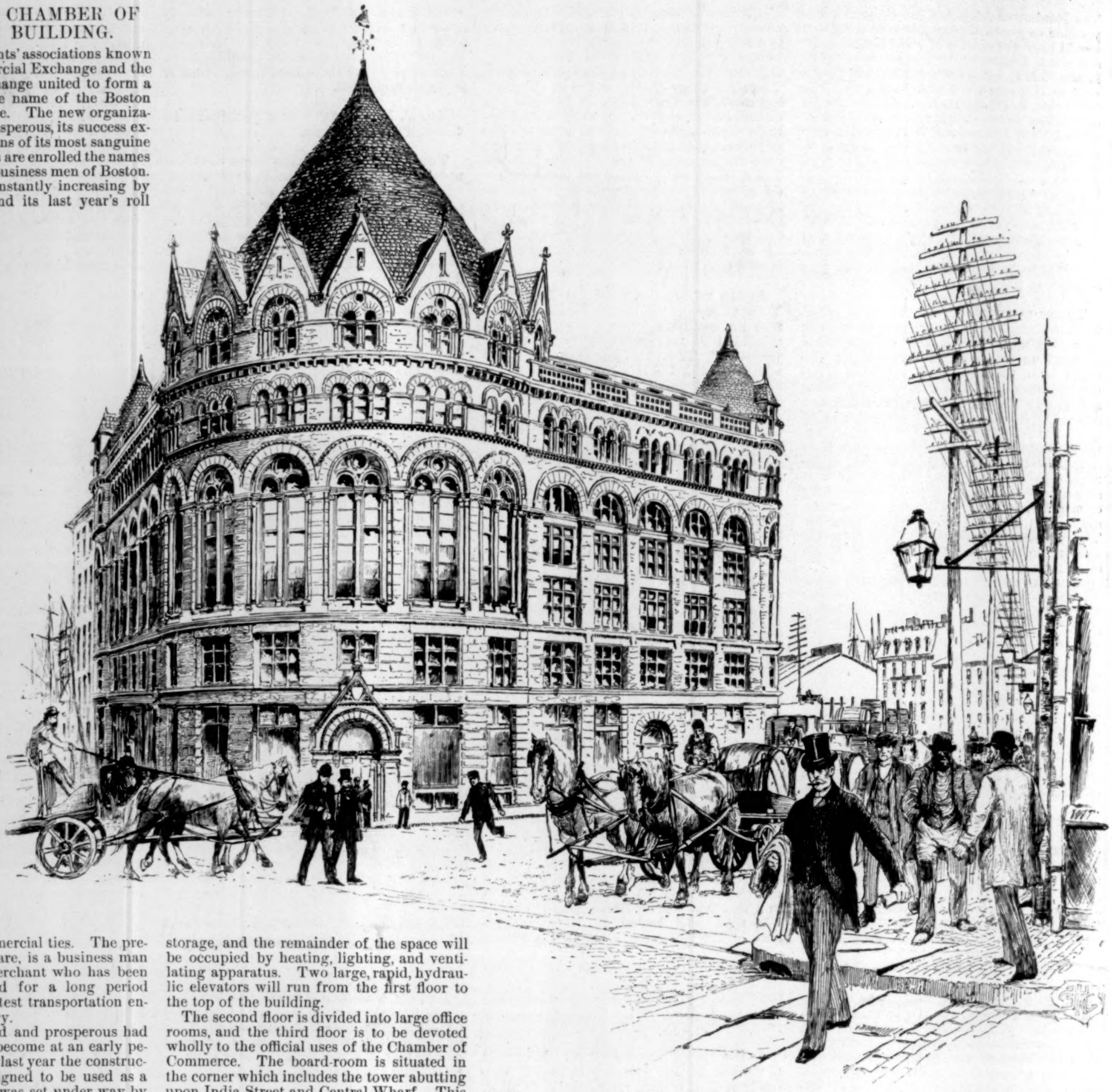
There are four main entrances, all converging toward the stairway and elevators. Upon the first floor, which is finely lighted by large windows, there will be three principal rooms, each accessible both from the street and the public corridors within the building, and adapted to rent for business purposes. The basement, which has a spacious entrance on India Street, contains a large room, 3200 square feet in extent, designed to be used as a restaurant, and, adjoining it, a large, well-ventilated kitchen. Other basement rooms are to be used for storage, and the remainder of the space will be occupied by heating, lighting, and ventilating apparatus. Two large, rapid, hydraulic elevators will run from the first floor to the top of the building.

The second floor is divided into large office rooms, and the third floor is to be devoted wholly to the official uses of the Chamber of Commerce. The board-room is situated in the corner which includes the tower abutting upon India Street and Central Wharf. This room, the main one of the building, has an area of 4300 square feet; it is circular in form, 75 feet in diameter, with a dome ceiling, the apex of which is 38 feet above the floor. This great apartment is to be fitted with a panelled wainscoting, above which the plastering will be decorated in colors. Over the entrance is a gallery for visitors, and the room will be well furnished with the equipment suitable for its purposes.

Opening from the board-room and from the main corridor is a large reading-room, 1500 square feet in area. One side of this room is composed practically of a single sheet of glass, there being only a few small piers to obstruct the ingress of light. Connected with the reading-room and the main corridor are two parlors, a committee-room, and a waiting-room. By the opening of sliding-doors these four rooms and the reading-room may be thrown into one spacious apartment. The offices of the directors, the secretary, and the telegraph operator will occupy the rest of the floor. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh floors are to be rented for offices. The whole interior of the building is well arranged and convenient, and generally the structure is furnished with every modern appliance appropriate to an edifice of this kind.

The building is to be fire-proof throughout, the only wood-work being the doors and the wooden finish on the floors, which rest upon iron and concrete. All the iron and steel work is protected by terra-cotta blocks. Every office in the building will be connected with the board-room by speaking-tubes, and the edifice will be lighted throughout by electricity. In the basement a space is reserved for electric dynamos in case the Chamber of Commerce should decide to generate its own electricity for lighting.

The upper windows of this building will command a fine view of the city, and from its roof an extensive outlook upon the harbor may be had. Viewed from the harbor it will be a sightly object, representative of the enterprise and the scope of the mercantile interests of Boston. It is expected that the building will be completed and ready for occupancy near the close of the present year. Boston, the second city of the United State in commerce, both foreign and domestic, in banking capital, and in extent of financial transactions, has long needed the structure now building.



BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—Drawn by E. H. Garrett.

GREAT DEEDS

Are accomplished by vigorous men and women clear of brain, lithe of limb, with plenty of stamina. Only by promoting digestion and assimilation may that disability be overcome which disqualifies us from successful competition in the arena of life. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters not only confers vigor upon the weak, but remedies bilious, nervous, malarial, kidney, and rheumatic ailments.—[*Adv.*]

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A Superb Summer Schedule.

The coming summer promises to be a most notable one for sea-shore travel. Engagements already made in advance for hotel accommodations at Atlantic City and inquiries received indicate the widespread popularity of this great resort.

Never before in the history of the City-by-the-Sea have the railroad facilities been so perfect as they will be over the Pennsylvania's Sea-Shore Lines. Arrangements have been perfected by which this popular route will consolidate its two railroads (the West Jersey and Camden and Atlantic) between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, so as to be operated on the plan of a double track. This mode of management will greatly facilitate the handling of the enormous passenger traffic, and will present the safest and most novel system of double lines in the country.

The schedule of trains will be greatly improved over that of previous years, both in the number of trains, their equipment, and speed. A large number of trains will run on a time-table best adjusted to the needs of the public. They will be equipped with comfortable and handsome new passenger coaches and attractive parlor cars drawn by the Pennsylvania Standard hard-coal burning locomotives. The majority of the trains will make the run in each direction in eighty minutes, thus reducing the time of transit to the minimum consistent with safety and good management.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
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Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Crab-Apple Blossoms.—"One could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it."—*Observer*, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

After a sleepless night, use Angostura Bitters to tone up your system. All Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

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GLIMPSES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

Third Paper.

MINING IN AUSTRALIA.

IT would be impossible to get a true view of the life of the interior of Australia without a consideration of mining enterprise, its influence on the character of the people, and its part in commercial movement. Bendigo, Ophir, Turon, the Palmer, Charters Towers, Broken Hill, and Mount Morgan are as familiar names to the world as the Virginia City, Cariboo, the Fraser, and the Black Hills. Ballarat has been a name to conjure with, like Virginia City. Mining excitement in Australia, as in America, attracted men of all nations; and not the least represented at Bendigo and Turon, at the Palmer and Charters Towers, were Americans. The rush subsided, and thousands who had been engaged in placer mining vanished; but there remained a nucleus of each race to be absorbed in the Australian population, and to engage in mining as a legitimate and permanent industry—that is, in deep mining and in other normal occupations. To-day in Australia can be seen the traces of American influence on the people in the constant use of expressions which are peculiar to the United States. It is to be seen also in the business habits and the pleasures of Victorians. It is a cord in the cable of Australian energy. Australia is at base English in idiom, custom, and political practice, but the superstructure rising from this base has some configurations not English.

Like America, though in a lesser degree, it is absorbing many races—Germans, French, and Italians—but the English element greatly predominates. In this it differs from Canada, which while having a French population has not absorbed it, and is essentially Canadian that is distinctive in its type, owing to the fact that it has beside it a population at its south with a different political constitution and social organization constantly acting upon it. And between the English and the American influences Canada grows up a compromise. It is a fact worth recording that the manager and mining manager of Broken Hill were Americans, and that Mount Morgan owes its success to the importation of an American who had had large experience in Mexico, and who introduced the chlorination process, through which alone the complete extraction of the gold was possible.

We have before noticed that the best land of Australia lies in the east, that it is hottest in the north, and that the nearest side to Europe is the slowest to develop. Mining has succeeded only in the east. No mines have succeeded in West Australia, though indications have been plenty, though rushes have occurred, and though for many years geologists have been benevolent with hints of undisgorged riches. The mine farthest west is the copper mine of Burra Burra, in South Australia. It is curious to note that all the colonies which have pushed ahead fast have had an impetus from mining. The idea was to transplant a colony *en masse* to Port Adelaide; but land was to be set at so high a price that the laborer could not acquire property, but must go on working for wages for a master, who was to become "a lord of the manor" in Australia, and so enable "society to remain concentrated, engaged in agriculture, preserving the same relations that exist in Europe between the employer and employed, thus avoiding the dispersion of pastoral pursuits."

The proposition actually came from the land of Hampden—that in a new country the feudal system should stretch out octopian fingers upon the land, that South Australia should be a Quebec of the *ancien régime*.

"It was proposed," philanthropically remarks Mr. Wakefield, "to transplant not people only, but society. . . . In Canada, New South Wales, and other colonies, servants taken out by capitalists under engagements for a fixed period invariably quit their masters, because in all these colonies every one can obtain land of his own for a mere trifle. South Australia will be the first colony combining plenty of labor with plenty of land."

The colony began, borrowed money, failed, and was on the verge of destitution and ruin, when land containing the Burra Burra copper mine was surveyed, and all classes of people invested in it. The investment, however, true to Wakefieldian principles, was conducted with regard to social distinctions. The "quality" bought half, and the "common folk"—tradesmen and such like—bought the other half. Was there a kind of poetic justice in the occurrence that to the "common folk" fell the Burra Burra mine?

During the last few years South Australia has got the benefit of the nearness of Broken Hill to Adelaide. In truth, this famous silver field, which, when I was there, was turning out 96,000 ounces a week, geographically belongs to South Australia. Broken Hill itself is a great jagged wall, showing the corroding wash of water, as if where now a schist and mulga plain grows to a desolate horizon, a vanquished sea had rolled. It is near the Barrier Ranges, the old resort for the refugees of misfortune. The law never hunted its quarry in this wilderness.

At Broken Hill the "rush" is long ended, and, as at the Queensland fields, Charters Towers, Gympie, the Palmer, and others, the industry has settled down to a legitimate commercial enterprise. Charters Towers, or "Tors," as by right it should be called, has much the same appearance as Broken Hill—an oasis of success in a land of questionable fertility. The peculiar characteristic of Charters Towers and Gympie is that they are virtually co-operative mining fields. They are worked from within. Foreign or outside capital does not rule them. The miners have shares and are interested in the success of the mines. The chief of the Gympie mines are owned by practical miners and on the occasion of my visit to Charters Towers, Dick Craven, an American, a "Dow of Dow's Flat," had disappointed everybody and had struck it rich in the Brilliant mine. The result of this co-operative system is that mining in both these fields pays. In the best mine at Gympie the yield is but 1 oz. 3 dwt. per ton; but that makes the local company owning it rich. It is all deep mining—from 700 to 2000 feet. At Charters Towers 1700 miners labor; at Gympie, 1400; at Broken Hill, 2500; at Mount Morgan, about 1000. Gympie is an idyllic town. It is built like Rome, on seven hills, and it has its Apollonian valley sloping to the sea. Far from it is any sign of disturbing elements, yet it is the centre of a strong and aggressive labor combination, just as Bulli the Beautiful in New South Wales, though one of the loveliest spots in all Australia, has a record for violence that sits heavily on the hearts of the population of the colony; or just as Nanaimo, an exquisite place on the island of Vancouver, is occasionally the scene of bitter turmoil. But Mount Morgan is the phenomenon of Australia. Twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea lies the town of Mount Morgan, and the mount itself, before it became the prey to the acquisitiveness of man, lifted its shoulders up 900 feet toward the blue. It is the mineral wonder of the nineteenth century. It has defied all the conclusions of geologists and the theories of scientists. Gold could not be found unalloyed with silver, it was said, yet it was found so at Mount Morgan. It must always lie in certain well-understood formations, and yet ever since they began to cut the hill down, like a loaf of bread, the geologists have been quarrelling about the formation. One says it came through "thermal springs"; another by "volcanic action"; "a precipitation that came with a chemical outburst," quoth a third; "belonging to the Silurian period," protests a fourth; "to the Palæozoic," insists a fifth. And so the enigma runs.

The hill is a mixture of all kinds of formation—iron-stone and silica, kaolin and French chalk, brown and red hematite, ochre and "country rock," are all thrown together in a happy confusion. At Gympie and Charters Towers one listened to the mighty stamps thundering the rock and gold into a pulpy mass. At Mount Morgan the greater portion of the stone needs little crushing; it is rotten, and ready almost at once for the chlorination process. A sardonic fate it was that Donald Gordon, who owned originally this mountain of gold, used to sell this soft stone to the people of Rockhampton for household purposes, knife-cleaning, etc. So perfect is the system of gold extraction at Mount Morgan that the company gets £1000 a year out of the oil rags used about the engines and furnaces. The mine is valued at £15,000,000.

Three years ago Australia had a mining boom, and two years ago it had a land boom, and all the time there is kept up the fever of speculation. If it is not in land in West Australia, it is in Rhaub, in the Malay Peninsula; if it is not in city property, it is in new regions where prospecting is being prosecuted. What strikes one most strongly is the power of resistance that the country has to the constant shocks of one kind and another that it receives. There have been but one or two financial crises in the whole history of Australia. This is owing to three things: the great resources of the country, the constant in-pouring of English capital, and the sales of public lands. It was the custom in all colonies at one time to let the proceeds from the sales of public lands cover current expenses of the government, and be applied extravagantly on public works at the solicitation of roads and bridges members. One has seen in a country district where there was needed little more than a siding, a railway station which cost £3000, a policeman's house costing £2000, and a court-house costing £10,000. Those were prosperous days. Money was plenty, and there seemed to be little fear that the time would come when the people would say, "Where is our heritage?" The system was eventually stopped, and what is strange, the people never have seriously taken to heart the evils that it brought in its train. Of far greater moment to them is the exclusion of the Chinese, the prevention of the deportation of French convicts to New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, and the success of the eight-hours demonstration on Labor Day. It is peculiar also to note with what imperturbability the Australian accepts sudden political acts of serious import. He knows no constitution that may not be set aside when necessary; he never permits a personal loyalty to St. James to interfere with any local political purpose. He does not consider England's position with the other powers in the prosecution of his own designs.

The government in 1888, quietly defying the courts, set aside existing laws without a moment's warning, in order to prevent the landing of Chinese immigrants who were coming to Australia under regulations established by the colony. There was no immediate danger to New South Wales or any of the other colonies. The agitation had arisen from a threatened in-pouring of Chinese at Port Darwin, 2000 miles away. The real reason of this attitude we have hinted at before. Men in new countries are not bound by tradition. They feel that they are making a new constitution, not being governed by one; they are used to meeting difficulties with shoulders braced, and they have neither procedure, custom, nor habit of mind to suggest or compel parley. A topic seizes the country, and it at once becomes vital. Five years ago confederation was a nebulous thing; it sprang in a day into active life. This is said in spite of the fact that a Federal Council had already existed for some years. In it, however, the people never had an interest, and from it two of the colonies stood out altogether. The Federal Council to the people conveyed no other meaning than would a Parliamentary committee of advice, a kind of advising board, which it really was, without power of taxation or having any finality whatsoever. But a central Parliament, with the people's representatives in it, seized upon the imagination of the public, and Wilcannia and Kapunda, Cairns and Baga, Echucha and Guilford, rural places at different points of the compass, were as alive to the force of the subject as were the six capitals, including Hobart. This could be readily understood by observing the rural newspapers of the country. In each of the capitals there is a newspaper which stands gravely and firmly by traditions of decorous treatment of all public questions. But these journals are opposed by others of the most unconventional and advanced types—a compromise between a radical newspaper of London and a normal American daily.

In a very few of the large towns there are those of the first-named type; but nearly every country journal does its work without gloves. It always has something to work for, something to fight. It is a miners' journal, a squatters' journal, a planters' journal, a homestead lessees' journal, or it is opposed to one class or the other, and it spares not, neither chooses its words. The heart of Australia is decisive in its characteristics; it is either with the inhabitant altogether or against him altogether; and the inhabitant is either with a cause heart and soul, or defies it, attacks it, or despises it heart and soul. And this character works down to the cities by personal contact and through journalistic channels. It meets other forces not Australian, amalgamates with them, and there is evolved a working class having instincts both European and Australian, chiefly Australian, that which is European being a persistent demand of fresh privileges and better advantages, without that fresh spirit of generosity, if not equity, which the real Australian possesses. One can only understand that properly who has spent some time on a station or in a township or village of the far interior. The towns close to the large cities are colorless, are uninteresting reproductions of metropolitan life; but Charlesville in Queensland, Bourke in New South Wales, Moama in Victoria, and Jamestown in South Australia have distinctive idiosyncrasies.

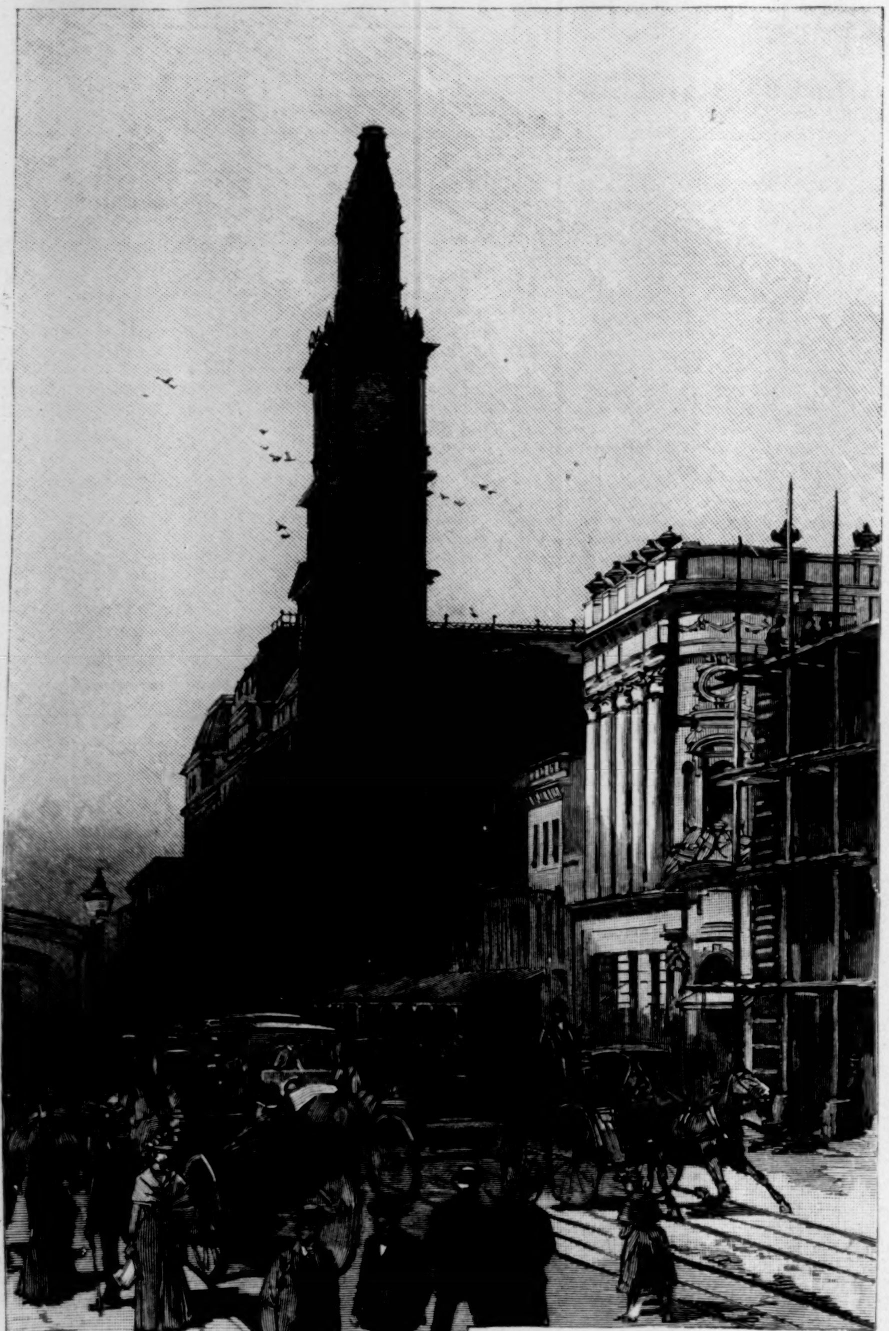
They are the centres of a peculiar life, of the variations in the Australian type. The Squatter drives in from his station to attend a meeting of the Local Land Board, or to post the editor of the local newspaper on a new phase of the land or rabbit question; the Homestead Lessee, with more modest turn-out, rattles in—all people in the back blocks drive fast—for his month's stock of tea, sugar, and tobacco, the great necessities of the far west; the Selector comes swinging down the red sand streets, where even the gum-tree finds no home and the imported pepper-tree struggles for life, to seek some favor of the agents of a far-off government; the Shearer, on a brombie that he has bought for a couple of pounds, shuffles up to the "pub" to knock down his check; the Sundowner, with his swag on his back, posts through to the nearest station; the Stock Rider, "sitting loosely in the saddle all the while," gallops in for a change as he travels his cattle to the south; a Daughter of the Plains rides swiftly in to the post-office for the weekly mail; a Mounted Policeman, in his blue coat and gray breeches, spurred and armed, becomes a welcome guest at the chief hotel; the local Justices of the Peace meet in conclave full of desire for ready justice and innocent of law; the Inspector of Tanks meets his enemy the Superintendent of Roads, and they "shout" for each other while they breathe out violent criticism on their separate departments; and the Mayor, who seldom fails in accepting magnanimously the fealty of all parties, conspires with all as to what public man shall be the victim of the next banquet. For, let it be known, the Australian loves this function before all others, and looks upon the payment of a couple of guineas to give a feed and provide an entertainment of speeches for a royal commission, a travelling minister, a curious member of Parliament, or a local magnate as money spent wisely and well.

To be hospitable, to be uncompromisingly zealous in converting those who do not think as he does, to work all questions out by experience and not by faith or theory, and not to borrow trouble, is the Australian's idea of the whole duty of man. It is not twenty years since in and near the largest cities the citizen had to resort to the piercing conviction of rifle bullets to convert the bush-ranger of the Ben Hall, Dunn, and Kelly type; it is not thirty years since the affair of the Eureka Stockade at Ballarat showed the decisive temper of the people; it is still the custom in the south to make proselytes to certain peace of the most ignorant of aboriginal races by the power of lead and saltpetre; but a few months have gone since the governments of New South Wales and Victoria signified their intention of curbing the lawlessness of strikers by something more than a display of military; seven years have not passed since, with a decisive good-will and desire to be doing something active and missionary-like, the Soudan contingent left New South Wales to assist General Wolseley in constraining Egyptian rebels to remain satisfied with the *status quo*. From all this the reader may perhaps catch the outlines of rural Australian life, and can see also how it bears in upon and affects social and industrial developments in the great cities.

THE GREAT CITIES.

In regarding urban Australia one instinctively puts the capitals in two groups—Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane in one, and Perth and Hobart in the other. Objection might be made to making Hobart a part of urban Australia, since it is the capital of an island distant 150 miles from the main-land; but it bears at least as close a commercial relation to Australia proper as Vancouver Island does to British Columbia, as the Isle of Wight does to England socially. At the same time it preserves a character for complacency, morality, commercial and industrial lethargy, honesty, and simplicity quite its own. Perth, in its western isolation, cut off as it is from the rest of the continent by want of railways, is insular in its ideas, and different in its political practice and social economy from the other capitals. Hence these two small capitals are set in array by themselves to be considered apart, or rather to be counted in a summing up as a modification of the general estimate. In regard to beauty of situation, Sydney and Adelaide may be placed together. Sydney by many people would be made to stand alone; but there is a dignity given to Adelaide by Mount Lofty, in whose shadow it is built, that warrants the association on which I have ventured. The first glory of Sydney is its harbor. The entrance to it is only six miles from the heart of the city, and all the south shore has residences or public buildings to the very gates of the sea. Melbourne is forty miles from the entrance to Port Phillip, Adelaide is six miles from Port Adelaide, Brisbane is twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Brisbane River, and Perth is ten miles from Freemantle, where the beautiful Swan River grows into the sea. As a picture Sydney is splendidly composed. On its right it has the sorrowfully renowned but lovely Botany Bay, and on its left it has the ruggedly delightful Broken Bay. Its outworks are stupendous cliffs breaking here and there into glens that slope to sandy beaches—beaches that may not, however, become bathing resorts, such as Long Branch, or Brighton, or Cacouna. Sharks have their abodes too near for unrestricted dalliance on these shores. The city is built on the south side of the harbor, but it has its Brooklyn or north shore across the six minutes' stretch of water that lies between Circular Quay and Lavender Bay. The main harbor opens out into a dozen other harbors, but it is in this main harbor that the picturesque elements of the life of this first city of the continent may be seen.

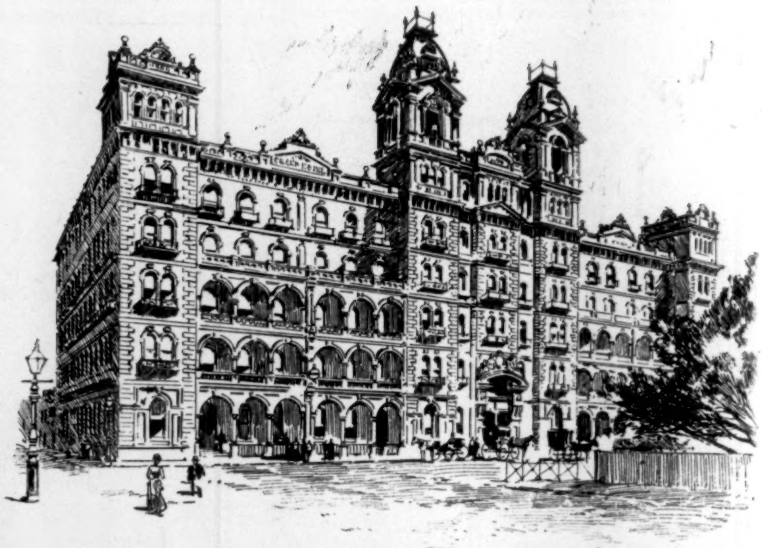
If a great creative artist had sought to combine beauty and utility, he could not better have done so. The composition is close enough for the spectator to get a fine focus of interest, and yet there is a vast suggestion in it, owing to the vistas of water that stretch away between the hills of sombre green eucalypti. In Port Jackson the nations meet. One has seen an English, a German, and a Japanese squadron in these waters at one time, and at others an English, a Russian, and a French squadron. At Circular Quay the Orient and the Occident jostle each other: Cockney and Malay, Teuton and Lascar, Gaul and Mohammedan, Slav and Chinaman, American and Fijian, Briton and the dusky *protégé* of Exeter Hall—Australian and the world. The same thing occurs



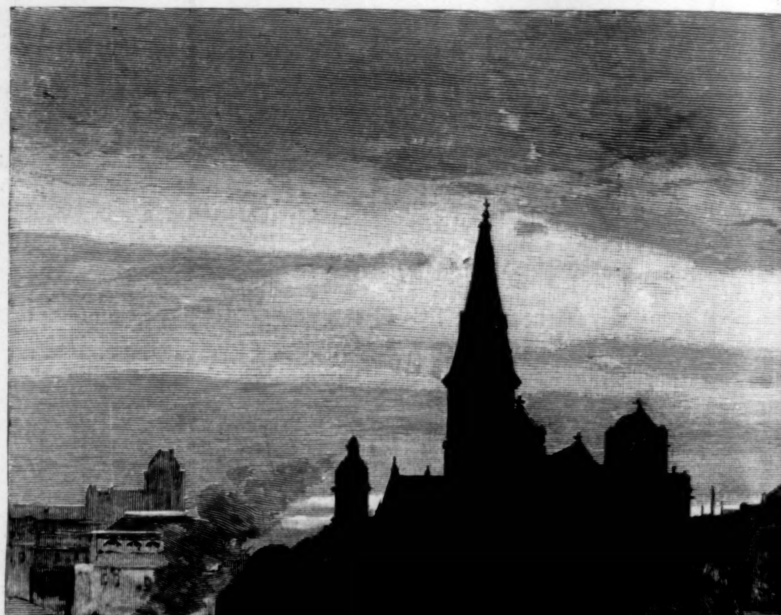
POST-OFFICE AND ELIZABETH STREET.

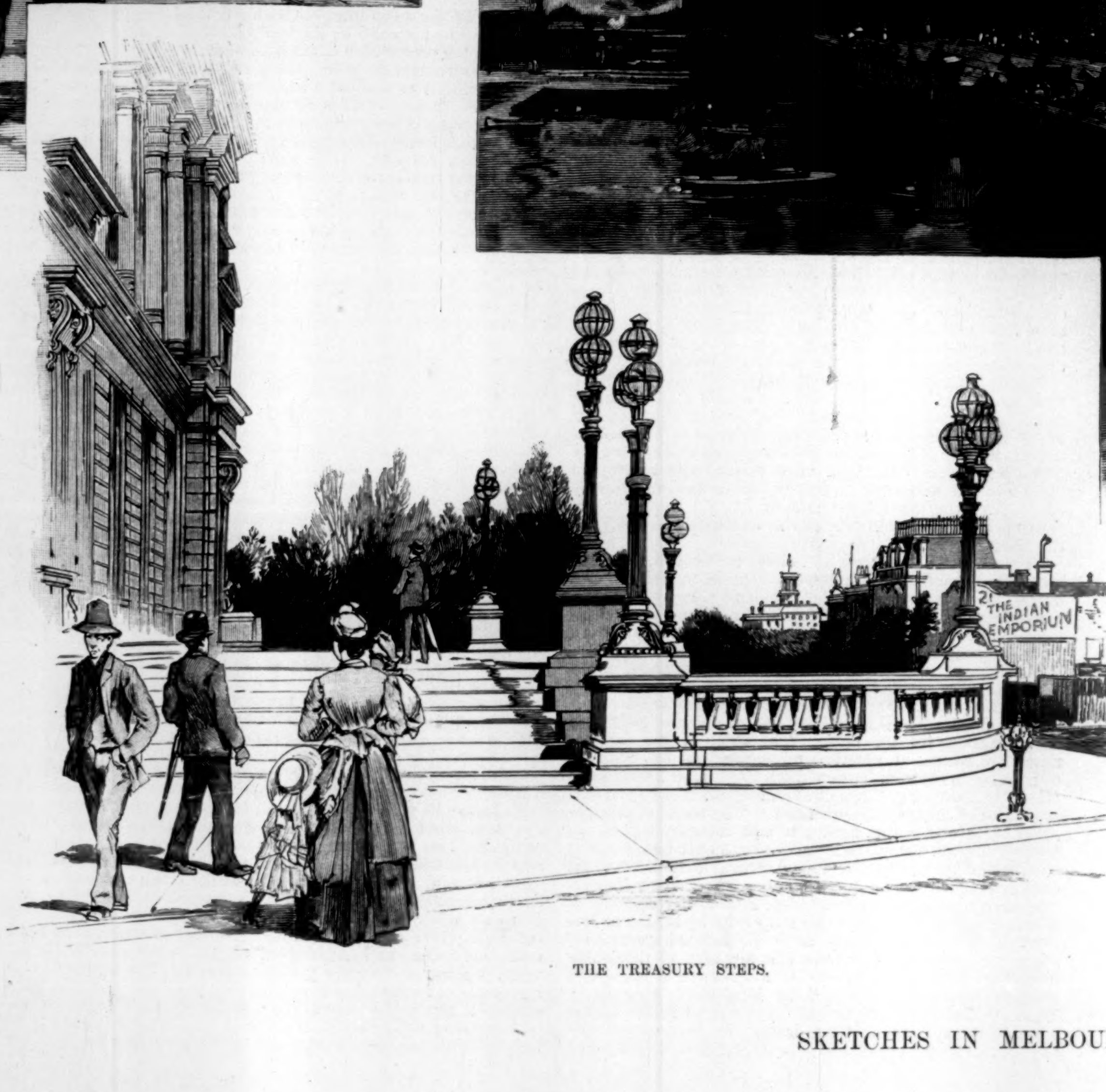
at Melbourne, but the picture is scattered. Williamstown, the landing port, is far away from the city, and it is not a naval station. Sydney gives the impression of beauty, of soundness, and of home; Melbourne, of progress, of courage, of success, and of expansion; Adelaide, of comfort, of well-to-do-ness, and something akin to godliness—for it is gloriously clean—and of home also. Brisbane is new, brawny, uneven, and half finished. One thinks of Topeka, Kansas, in considering it, and that is to suggest a greatness which is yet to come. It has its coat off, as it were. It stands up, with muscles working vigorously, and conscious of great latent power. It scorns to seek the shade, but bares itself defiantly to the glaring semi-tropical sun. And this brings up, in passing, the apposite question of shade trees. On this southern continent, where most they need it, in city and in country, the people are only just now beginning to learn the duty and the value of arboriculture. Sydney, naturally, has the most shade trees; Melbourne has few; Adelaide has only enough to clear her of the imputation of bareness. Perth and Hobart are humbler but in some respects most favored sisters. Although Perth is slightly in higher latitude than Sydney, it has none of Sydney's close heat; its atmosphere is dry and buoyant. Hobart is regarded as a kind of sanatorium for South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland. Both places have natural beauties, but Hobart far surpasses Perth. Mount Wellington, at Hobart, gives the place dignity, and the lovely valley of the Derwent, the Norfolk River country, and the Buon Road, with its big-tree splendors and fern-tree gullies, the hop fields and the little farms, lend a sweetness to Tasmania not found elsewhere in Australasia.

Architecturally Sydney is impressive, Melbourne is imposing, and Adelaide is satisfying. One of the handsomest groups of buildings in Australia is that in George Street, Sydney, which contains in one



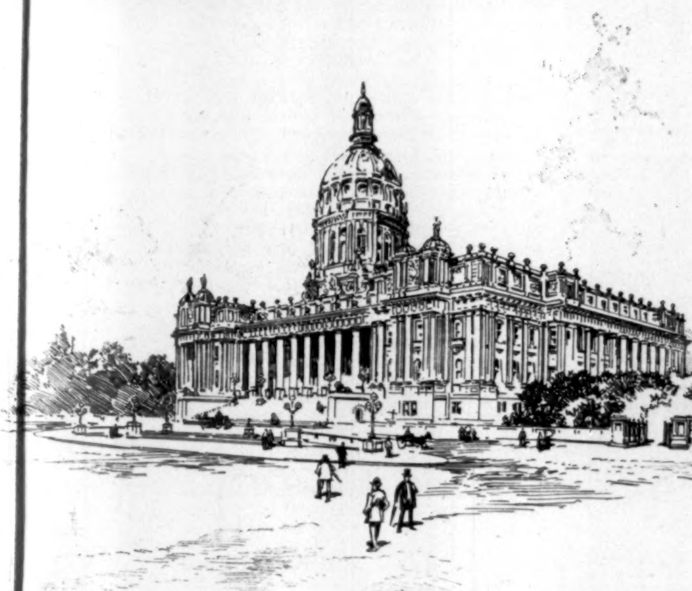
GRAND HOTEL—COFFEE PALACE.



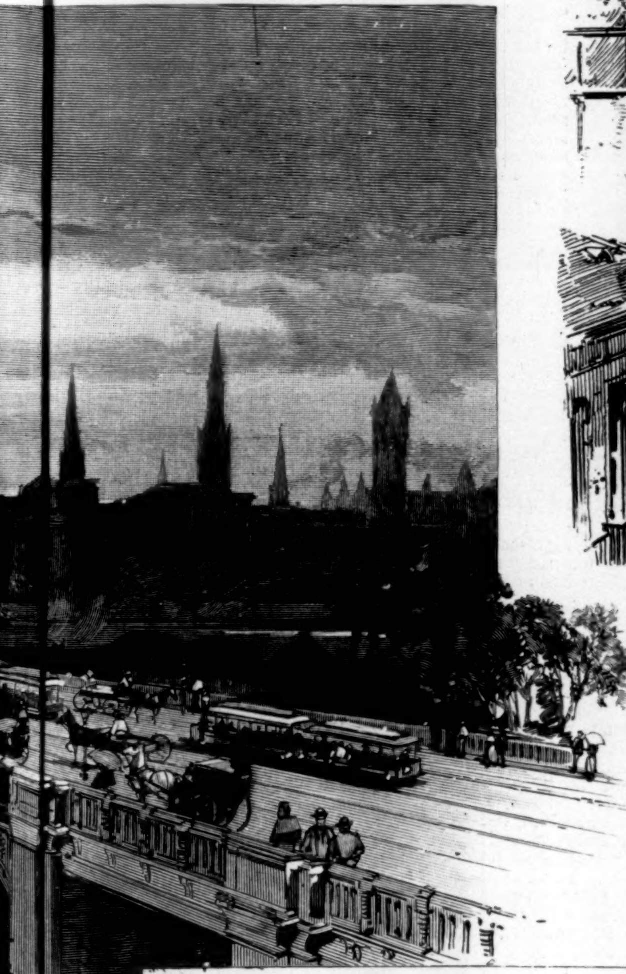


THE TREASURY STEPS.

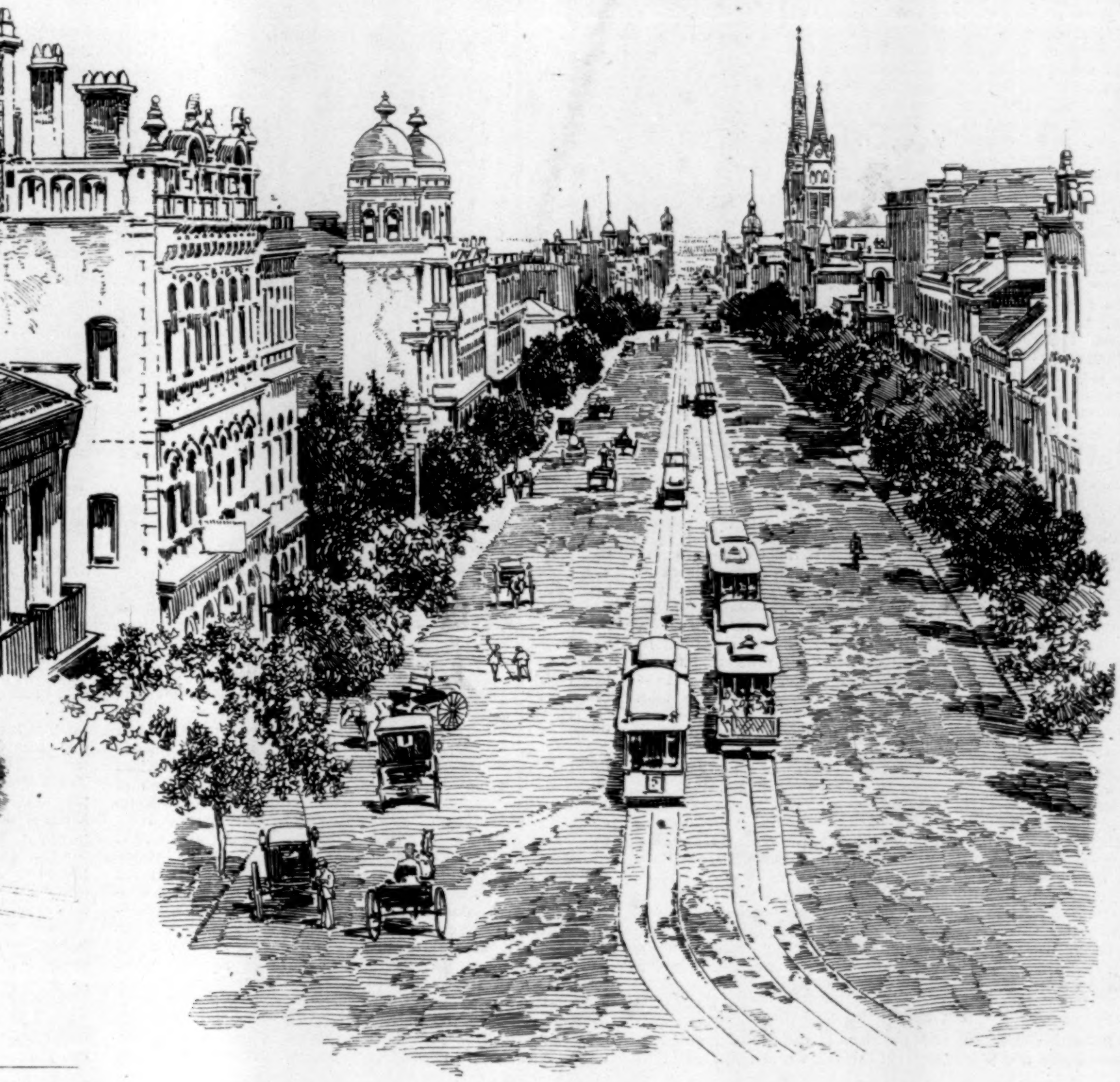
SKETCHES IN MELBOURNE.—DRA



PARLIAMENT BUILDING.



PRINCESS BRIDGE.



COLLINS STREET, LOOKING WEST.

block the Cathedral, the Deanery, the Synod-hall, and the Town-hall. Next in importance ranks the General Post-office, with its impressive tower, which has a breadth and a simplicity of effect very striking. The Post-office open colonnade, where the nations meet to get their letters, is an example of a refreshing and commendable style of architecture, adapted particularly to Australasia. At Circular Quay one sees the inflow and the outflow of all peoples; at the colonnade of the General Post-office are beheld all peoples Australianized. None of the older colonies of Australia have followed generally a style of architecture, either business or domestic, really adapted to the climate. It is only in Queensland where anything approaching a southern style has been attempted. There the arcade, the colonnade, the wide veranda, the airy balcony, the building merging to a cool and spacious centre, are found. The same convention and tradition which keep men in high hats and frock-coats kept Sydney devoted to its brown-stone piles for a long time. In later efforts the revolt against this condition may be seen, though in both Melbourne and Sydney the solid integrity of northern architecture is dominant. Unpleasant people have said that the splendid extent of public architecture in Melbourne gave the impression of a city "built by the yard." Expansive and broad-shouldered certainly this metropolis looks, but it is consistent in its general contour. It is new, powerful, eager, and conscious of a fine commercial muscularity. Its architecture suggests all that by its very contrasts, by the Parliament building, suited to a city of two millions, dwarfing to meanness buildings beside it of form consistent with an earlier and more pioneer growth. To put wealth and progress and success in strong and visible expression, that is youthful, it is natural, it is Australian. Melbourne must have the largest public buildings on the island continent, Sydney must have the largest organ in the world. Sydney has splendid yachting waters, and leads in that particular; Melbourne has a racing carnival which is fast becoming a rival of those of Derby and Sheepshead Bay, which far surpasses both in all that it involves. "Palaces and piles stupendous" rise from all quarters of these two great cities. Within the last five years coffee palaces of twelve and thirteen stories have been erected, which in Melbourne more particularly strive for prominence with a colossal Post-office and white and gorgeous legislative halls.

The prevailing tone of Sydney and Hobart architecture is brown; of Melbourne, gray; of Adelaide and Brisbane, white; of Perth, brick red. Sydney coils in upon itself, Melbourne grows outward. Sydney's streets are narrow, those of Melbourne are wide. The one moves rather heavily, the other goes lightly. The former is proud of its cab and omnibus system; the latter, of its tram and railway systems. Sydney boasts the best houses on the continent, Melbourne the best hotels, Adelaide the best sewage system, and Brisbane the greatest liquidity. The last-named city has flotsam and jetsam in its front gardens instead of brogmanshia and dog-roses and cacti. Sydney is the most politically congested, Melbourne the most commercially daring, Adelaide the most thorough according to its resources, Brisbane the most feverish morally, the most advanced politically; Perth is the most conventional, and Hobart the most religious of the capitals. The viceregal residence at Melbourne is a palace, at Sydney it is a kind of Irish castle to let, in Adelaide, Hobart, Brisbane, and Perth it is a home. Because of the simple homeliness of Perth and its viceregal residence one could scarcely wonder at Sir William C. F. Robinson, the present Governor of West Australia, choosing that colony for a third term instead of one, with much greater emoluments. Government House, Melbourne, typifies the genius of the Victorian people in its immense area of architecture. It is conspicuously democratic, just as that of Sydney is serenely traditional. Each after its own order. The double-decked, lumbering, but convenient tram cars of Sydney, which are in reality part of a railway—not a tramway—system, would be a horror unendurable in Melbourne. Melbourne relieves its street traffic by railway systems into the suburbs from different points, as well as by its tram lines. Sydney's tram system runs over one line and one street to a certain point of division. But things have at last come to the pass that cable or electric tramways are to be laid in different streets, and the railway is to be brought in from Redfern Station, the centre of all the systems of the colony, to Circular Quay.

Socially these colonies are very English in custom and tradition. They differ from Canada in this. Canada, in the west particularly, has been acted upon by American as well as by English influences, and she has given away here and taken on there, and has ended by becoming a compromise. Australia is not a compromise of any kind. The spirit is entirely English; the tone only has been affected by pioneer life, by cruder environment, and by the dominating occupation. This dominating occupation is wool-growing; it involves much freedom and out-door life, therefore society has breadth and verve. It inclines to directness and heartiness, therefore extreme polish and fashionable *ennui* are as rare in the men as delicate social deftness and emotional languor are in the women. The constant contact with an English influence, either by education, by visits to England, or by the regular wave of English and Australian intercommunion, keeps society from forming customs as distinct to Australia as India or Canada possesses. What may be called the squatting class rule society, with the gracious help of Government House. This last factor is important. Government House in the colonies is all-powerful, more so than in Canada; infinitely more so than is the White House at Washington. American society does not catch its tone from the White House, and, indeed, can get along very well without it if need be. As a place for functions it has its social uses, but to be on or off the White House list means nothing here or there. That which is best in American society stands where no passing favor or disfavor of White House can reach it. It is different in Australia. As veers the favor of Government House, so veers the favor of the people. And perhaps, for want of the claims of long descent, rightly so. There should be a standard of some kind, some polite tribunal in social life, as there is in professional, political, and commercial life. The verdict of the tribunal may not be followed by the masses, but it is followed and accepted by those who lead in the higher areas of thought and social practice. Below a certain strata socially—what might be called the Government House strata—viceregal patronage to any public affair, unless it be an out-door event, has no influence with the masses in Australia. The Governor and his wife may go to entertainments, theatres, concerts, and that sort of thing, and the mass of the people remain unmoved; they are independent of any suspicion of being in leading-strings. But let a function in which the masses are interested occur—some democratic enjoyment or demonstration—then the appearance and presence of the Governor is a signal for the greatest enthusiasm. It is not given to viceregality; it is given to the high personage who has become one of the people sufficiently to attempt to enjoy what they enjoy. It is not so much an obeisance to St. James as it is a patriotic applause of the endorsement of their own actions. That kind of loyalty is not a thing to be traded on too much. It is noble, but it is selfish, and it will bear no strain. Hence it is that the Governors of the Australian colonies, being wise men in their day and generation, appear at gatherings and functions where Governors of other of her Majesty's dominions, such as Canada and India, might not be found. Such Governors as have shut themselves up from the popular rec-

DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.